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THE SIXTH BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE,

OR OF COURTESIE.

CANTO II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous Knight:
He makes him Squire, and of him learnes
His state and present plight.

WHAT vertue is so fitting for a Knight, 1
Or for a Ladie whom a Knight should love,
As Curtesie; to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good; that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

Thereto great helpe Dame Nature selfe doth lend: 2
For some so goodly gratious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine:
For everie thing, to which one is inclin'd
Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst with paine.

That well in courteous *Calidore* appeares; 3
Whose every deed, and word that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, whenas he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed Knight that did on horsebacke ryde.

And them beside a Ladie faire he saw 4
Standing alone on foote in foule array;
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may:
But, ere he came in place, that Youth had kild
That armed Knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fild.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee 5
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarse did see
Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race:
All in a Woodmans jacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne, 6
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne:
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
With which he wont to launch the salvage hart
Of many a Lyon and of many a Beare,
That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare.

Whom *Calidore* awhile well having vewed, 7
At length bespake; " What meanes this, gentle swaine!
Why hath thy hand too bold itselfe embrewed
In blood of Knight, the which by thee is slaine,
By thee no Knight; which armes impugneth plaine!"
"Certes," said he, "loth were I to have broken
The Law of Armes; yet breake it should againe,
Rather then let myselfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

"For not I him, as this his Ladie here 8
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were;
But he me first through pride and puissance strong
Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long."
"Perdie great blame," then said Sir *Calidore*,
"For armed Knight a wight unarm'd to wrong:
But then aread, thou gentle Chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne uprore."

"That shall I sooth," said he, "to you declare. 9
I, whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight or worke of greater care,
Doe spend my dayes and bend my carelesse wit
To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forrest and wyld woodie raine:
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunst to meete this Knight who there lyes slaine,
Together with this Ladie, passing on the Plaine.

"The Knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was, 10
And this his Ladie, that him ill became,
On her faire feet by his horse-side did pas
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame:
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
Whenso she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his speare (that was to him great blame)
Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous woe.

" Which when I saw, as they me passed by, 11
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a Ladie, whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind.
Wherewith he wroth and full of proud disdaine
Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,
Threatning to châstize me, as doth t' a chyld pertaine.

" Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned 12
His scornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he streightway with haughtie choler burned,
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
Which I, enforst to beare though to my paine,
Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart."

Much did Sir *Calidore* admyre his speach 13
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong a breach
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him that first occasion broke:
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne Knight had given him his owne due hire.

Of all which whenas she could nought deny, 14
But cleard that Stripling of th' imputed blame;
Sayd then Sir *Calidore;* " Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
For, what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame
And what he did, he did himselfe to save: [shame:
Against both which that Knight wrought Knightlesse
For Knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.

" But, sith that he is gone irrevocable, 15
Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread
What cause could make him so dishonourable
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead."
" Certes, Sir Knight," sayd she, " full loth I were
To rayse a lying blame against the dead:
But, since it me concernes myselfe to clere,
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere.

" This day, as he and I together roade 16
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a Knight in joyous jolliment
Of their franke loves, free from all gealous spyes:
Faire was the Ladie sure, that mote content
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

" Whom when my Knight did see so lovely faire, 17
He inly gan her Lover to envý,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share:
Whereto whenas my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but, whenas I was loth
My Loves owne part to leave so suddenly,
He with strong hand down from his steed me throw'th,
And with presumpteous powre against that Knight streight [go'th.

" Unarm'd all was the Knight, as then more meete 18
For Ladies service and for loves delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight
Himselfe to yeeld his Love or else to fight:
Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
To leave his Love he should be ill apayd,
In which he had good right gaynst all that it gainesayd.

" Yet since he was not presently in plight 19
Her to defend, or his to justifie,
He him requested, as he was a Knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch: but he was fierce and whot,
Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;
From which to thinke to save himselfe it booted not.

" Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage saw, 20
Whilest they together for the quarrey strove,
Into the covert did herselfe withdraw,
And closely hid herselfe within the Grove.
My Knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger drove
And left sore wounded: but, when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan rove
And range through all the wood, whereso he wist
She hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

" But, whenas her he by no meanes could find, 21
After long search and chauff he turned backe
Unto the place where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke,
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong:
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe
Strove to appease him, and perswaded long;
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

"Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee, 22
When forward we should fare, he flat refused
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,
But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,
Pounching me with the butt-end of his speare,
In vaine complayning to be so abused;
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

"So passed we, till this young man us met; 23
And being moov'd with pittie of my plight
Spake, as was meete, for ease of my regret:
Whereof befell what now is in your sight."
"Now sure," then said Sir *Calidore*, "and right
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Whoever thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through support of count'nance proud and hault,
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault."

Then turning backe unto that gentle Boy, 24
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant wit,
He praysd it much, and much admyred it;
That sure he weend him born of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
And, when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed good;

"Faire gentle Swayne, and yet as stout as fayre, 25
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs dost wonne,
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
As they are wont unto *Latonaes* sonne
After his chace on woodie *Cynthus* donne;
Well may I certes such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
Or surely borne of some Heroicke sead,
That in thy face appeares and gratious goodly-head.

"But, should it not displease thee it to tell, 26
(Unlesse thou in these woods thyselfe conceale
For love amongst the woodie gods to dwell,)
I would thyselfe require thee to reveale;
For deare affection and unfayned zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great weale:
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
I never saw in any greater hope appeare."

To whom then thus the noble Youth; "May be, 27
Sir Knight, that, by discovering my estate,
Harme may arise unweeting unto me;
Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, (however thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie have forlone,
And lost the Crowne which should my head by right adorne.)

"And *Tristram* is my name; the onely heire 28
Of good King *Meliogras* which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through lives despeire
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine:
After whose death his brother, seeing mee
An infant, weake a Kingdome to sustaine,
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

"The widow queene my mother, which then hight 29
Faire *Emiline*, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
Of him that did the Kingly Scepter beare,
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed;
Thought best away me to remove somewhere
Into some forrein Land, whereas no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

"So, taking counsell of a wise man red, 30
She was by him adviz'd to send me quight
Out of the Countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Lionesse* is hight,
Into the Land of *Faerie*, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong:
To whose wise read she hearkning sent me streight
Into this Land, where I have wond thus long
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature strong.

" All which my daies I have not lewdly spent, 31
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlenesse; but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres:
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was seene.

" Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on pearch, 32
Whether high towring or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray and all her diet know:
Such be our joyes which in these forrests grow:
Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,
And fitteth most for noble Swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet; yet past a Boy,
And being now high time these strong joynts to imploy.

" Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit 33
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to use them right;
The rather, since that fortune hath this day
Given to me the spoile of this dead Knight,
These goodly gilden armes which I have won in fight."

All which when well Sir *Calidore* had heard, 34
Him much more now, then earst, he gan admire
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; " Faire Chyld, the high desire
To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wish that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is Chevalrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie."

There him he causd to kneele, and made to sweare 35
Faith to his Knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and joyous then young *Tristram* grew;
Like as a flowre, whose silken leavës small
Long shut up in the bud from heavens vew, [hew.
At length breaks forth, and brode displayes his smyling

Thus when they long had treated to and fro, 36
And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,
Chyld *Tristram* prayd that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part:
Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie Knight:
Yet for the time this answere he to him behight;

"Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire, 37
To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest:
But I am bound by vow, which I profest
To my dread Soveraine, when I it assayd,
That in atchievement of her high behest
I should no creature joyne unto mine ayde;
Forthy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

"But since this Ladie is all desolate, 38
And needeth safegard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull state
To succour her from daunger of dismay,
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay."
The noble Ympe, of such new service fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say:
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne;
And *Calidore* forth passed to his former payne.

But *Tristram*, then despoyling that dead Knight 39
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall shyning like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes:
And, after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her owne late dead Knight:
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

There to their fortune leave we them awhile, 40
And turne we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;
Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This Knight, whom *Tristram* slew, had wounded sore
Another Knight in his despiteous pryde;
There he that Knight found lying on the flore
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill dyde:

And there beside him sate upon the ground 41
His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning:
Which sorie sight when *Calidore* did vew,
With heavie eyne from teares uneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

Then, speaking to the Ladie, thus he sayd; 42
"Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This Knight unarm'd with so unknightly breach
Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may avenge him of so foule despight."
The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her sory hart few heavie words forth sigh't:

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous Knight, 43
Whom *Tristram* slew, them in that shadow found
Joying together in unblam'd delight;
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
From him, to whom she was for ever bound:
Yet, when she fled into that covert greave,
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

When *Calidore* this ruefull storie had 44
Well understood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Ladie on rough waves rowed in a sommer barge.

Then gan Sir *Calidore* to ghesse streightway, 45
By many signes which she described had,
That this was he whom *Tristram* earst did slay,
And to her sayd; Dame, be no longer sad;
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight;
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to yourselfe he wrought and to your loved Knight.

"Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this griefe, 46
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
For that displeasure; and thinke what reliefe
Were best devise for this your Lovers smart;
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
Convay to be recur'd." She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her Love and to herselfe in that sad dreare.

Yet could she not devise by any wit, 47
How thence she might convay him to some place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
Which whenas he perceiv'd he thus bespake;
"Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
Myselfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe."

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd 48
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne:
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be begonne.

CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saves Sérena, whilest Calepine
By Turpine is opprest.

TRUE is, that whilome that good Poet sayd, 1
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne:
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners; in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne:
For seldome seene a trotting Stalion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So seldome seene that one in basenesse set
Doth noble courage shew with curteous manners met.

But evermore contráry hath bene tryde, 2
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the Castle where they had decreed:
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares, 3
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares;
But now weake age had dimd his candlelight:
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline;
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine;
And *Aldus* was his name; and his sonnes, *Aladine*.

4

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a Beare
By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,
Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth; "Ah! sory Boy!
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy?

5

"Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope;
So tickle is the state of earthly things;
That, ere they come unto their aymed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
This is the state of Keasars and of Kings!
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case!"

6

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to Sir *Calidore* was easie geare;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her Lover deare,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now be brought:

7

For she was daughter to a noble Lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great Pere; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young Knight who dwelt her ny,
The lusty *Aladine*, though meaner borne
And of lesse livelood and hability,
Yet full of valour the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th' others riches scorne.

So, having both found fit occasion, 8
They met together in that luckelesse glade;
Where that proud Knight in his presumption
The gentle *Aladine* did earst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' advize
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devize
How she the blame might salve with coloured disguize.

But *Calidore* with all good courtesie 9
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening past till time of rest;
When *Calidore* in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his quest.

But faire *Priscilla* (so that Lady hight) 10
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely sleepe,
But by her wounded Love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe.
So well she washt them, and so well she wacht him,
That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And drove away the stound which mortally attacht him.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke, 11
He also gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he saw his faire *Priscilla* by,
He deepely sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood;
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought herselfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

Which she perceiving did with plenteous teares 12
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares:
So both conspiring gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast
How to save whole her hazarded estate;
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helpes were past.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed, 13
A courteous Knight and full of faithfull trust;
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing just.
Earely, so soone as *Titans* beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped lay
All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way.

But first him seemed fit that wounded Knight 14
To visite, after this nights perillous passe;
And to salute him if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire lovely Lasse.
There he him found much better then he was;
And moved speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to over-passe:
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked sourse.

Of which occasion *Aldine* taking hold 15
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his Love,
And all his disadventures to unfold;
That *Calidore* it dearly deepe did move;
In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To safe-conduct his Love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight 16
It to performe: so after little stay,
That she herselfe had to the journey dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite:
So, as they past together on their way,
He can devize this counter-cast of slight,
To give faire colour to that Ladies cause in sight.

Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he went, 17
(The cause of all this evill, who was slaine
The day before by just avengëment
Of noble *Tristram*,) where it did remaine;
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came;
Most pensive man, through feare what of his childe became.

There he arriving boldly did present 18
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

Most joyfull man her Sire was, her to see, 19
And heare th' adventure of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thankes to *Calidore* for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld; ne lesse the Lady did advaunce.
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploite he did himselfe apply.

So, as he was pursuing of his quest, 20
He chaunst to come whereas a jolly Knight
In covert shade himselfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight;
For that himselfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him spight:
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nye, 21
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more himselfe thereby,
That he so rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himselfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit 22
He soone allayd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abroad at leasure,
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate:

Of which whilest they discoursed both together, 23
The faire *Serena* (so his Lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether
And plesaunce of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

All sodainely out of the forrest nere 24
The *Blatant Beast* forth rushing unaware
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfare
Unto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed Mayde.

The Beast, with their pursuit incited more, 25
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her; when *Calidore*,
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in middest of his race;
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake himselfe to fearefull flight;
For he durst not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

Who nathëlesse, when he the Lady saw 26
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath nor gather spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

And now by this Sir *Calepine*, so hight, 27
Came to the place where he his Lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Having both sides through grypt with griesly wound:
His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in drery swound
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
nd in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

So well he did his busie paines apply, 28
That the faint spright he did revoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality:
Then up he tooke her twixt his armës twaine,
And setting on his steede her did sustaine
With carefull hands, soft footing her beside;
Till to some plâce of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assuraunce mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundës wide.

Now whenas *Phœbus* with his fiery waine 29
Unto his Inne began to draw apace;
Tho, wexing weary of that toylesome paine,
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace;
Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately Place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,
In hope there for his Love some succour to provyde.

But, comming to the rivers side, he found 30
That hardly passable on foote it was;
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas:
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde
An armed Knight approaching to the place
With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,
The which themselves prepard thorough the foord to ride.

Whom *Calepine* saluting, as became, 31
Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely Dame
Through that same perillous foord with better heede,
To take him up behinde upon his steed:
To whom that other did this taunt returne;
"Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly reed
Me then to be full base and evill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

32 "But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy Lady likewise doe the same,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne."
With which rude speach his Lady much displeased
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne Palfrey him have eased
For pitty of his Dame whom she saw so diseased.

33 Sir *Calepine* her thanckt; yet, inly wroth
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And carelesly into the river go'th,
As in despight to be so fowle abused
Of a rude Churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for Knight;
And, strongly wading through the waves unused,
With Speare in th' one hand stayd himselfe upright,
With th' other staide his Lady up with steddy might.

34 And all the while that same discourteous Knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him;
At whose calamity, for more despight,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.
But whenas *Calepine* came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe and fell:

35 "Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that armes uppon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe! I defie thee; and here challenge make,
That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,
Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare Ladies sake
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight
To justifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight."

The Dastard, that did heare himselfe defyde, 36
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall;
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did, 37
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
Where was his won; ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

But the rude Porter that no manners had 38
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad:
Nath'lesse the Knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night:
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Unlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

"Full loth am I," quoth he, "as now at earst 39
When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst:
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the Ford."

" His name," quoth he, " if that thou list to learne, 40
Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might
And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
In all assaies to every Errant Knight,
Because of one that wrought him fowle despight."
" Ill seemes," sayd he, " if he so valiaunt be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:
For seldome yet did living creature see
That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

" But go thy waies to him, and fro me say 41
That here is at his gate an Errant Knight,
That house-rome craves; yet would be loth t' assay
The proofe of battell now in doubtfull night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
And tell withall the lamentable plight
In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pitty craves, as he of woman was yborne."

The Groome went streightway in, and to his Lord 42
Declar'd the message which that Knight did move;
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his Love;
Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same night.

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought, 43
Ne from his currish will awhit reclame.
Which answer when the Groome returning brought
To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee:
But most for pitty of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, or procure her glee.

But all in vaine; for why? no remedy 44
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse;
Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day 45
Did shew itselfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living light,
Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
Then *Calepine*, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his journey go'th.

He go'th on foote all armed by her side, 46
Upstaying still herselfe uppon her steede,
Being unhable else alone to ride;
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede:
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede;
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew, 47
To weet what issue would thereof betyde:
Tho, whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
To be the man that with such scornfull pryde
Had him abusde and shamed yesterday;
Therefore, misdoubting least he should misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

By this the other came in place likewise, 48
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand t' abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeaunce, or to make avoure
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would devoure
His life attonce; who nought could do but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place, 49
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace
Flying the fury of his bloudy will:
But his best succour and refüge was still
Behind his Ladies back; who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to Lady was affyde,
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde:

But he the more thereby enraged was, 50
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd;
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd
In great aboundance, as a Well it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound, 51
But chaste him still for all his Ladies cry;
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously;
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And saved from his cruell villany:
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought!
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

CANTO IV.

Calepine by a Salvage Man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And, whylest an Infant from a beare
He saves, his Love doth misse.

LIKE as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost, 1
Having spent all her mastes and her groundhold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold;
Such was the state of this most courteous Knight
Being oppressed by that Faytour bold,
That he remayned in most perilous plight,
And his sad Ladie left in pitifull affright:

Till that, by fortune passing all foresight, 2
A Salvage Man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shright,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne
To understand what there was to be donne:
There he this most discourteous Craven found
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

The Salvage Man, that never till this houre 3
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
Was much emmoved at his perills vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew;
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight, 4
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
But naked, without needfull vestiments
To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents:
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

He stayed not t' advize which way were best 5
His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran; who being well prepard
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard
That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

With that the Wyld Man more enraged grew, 6
Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay:
The salvage nation doth all dread despize:
Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro, 7
And every way did try, but all in vaine;
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe:
Who having now no use of his long speare
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

But after him the Wyld Man ran apace, 8
And him pursewed with impórtune speed,
For he was swift as any Bucke in chace;
And, had he not in his extreamest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight.
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out; a thing uncomely for a Knight.

But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine 9
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple nere their utmost cast:
There he that Knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound:

For though she were right glad so rid to bee 10
From that vile Lozell which her late offended;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see
And perill, by this Salvage Man pretended;
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended
By reason that her Knight was wounded sore:
Therefore herselfe she wholy recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

But the Wyld Man, contrárie to her feare, 11
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor speach,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words (which Nature did him teach
T' expresse his passions) which his reason did empeach;

And comming likewise to the wounded Knight, 12
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
He made great mone after his salvage mood;
And, running streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whose vertue he by use well understood;
The juyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched thought.

Then taking up that recreants shield and speare, 13
Which earst he left, he signes unto them made
With him to wend unto his wonning neare;
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the forrest, by a hollow glade
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spredding brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
Where foot of living creature never trode, [abode.
Ne scarse wyld beasts durst come, there was this wights

Thither he brought these unacquainted guests; 14
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests:
But the bare ground with hoarie mosse bestrowed
Must be their bed; their pillow was unsowed;
And the frutes of the forrest was their feast:
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obaying Natures first behеast.

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were, 15
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freëd from that deadly feare,
And sav'd from being to that Caytive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
That, having there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

During which time that Wyld Man did apply 16
His best endevour and his daily paine
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine
When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that Knightës wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe:
But that same Ladies hurts no herbe he found
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound.

Now whenas *Calepine* was woxen strong, 17
Upon a day he cast abrode to wend,
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend;
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell Beare, the which an Infant bore,
Betwixt his bloodie jawes, besprinckled all with gore.

The litle Babe did loudly scrike and squall, 18
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To *Calepine*, whose eares those shrieches shrill,
Percing his hart, with pities point did thrill;
That after him he ran with zealous haste
To rescue th' Infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to want, 19
Whose burden mote empeach his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling herselfe freed
From bels and jesses which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed delight.

So well he sped him, that the wearie Beare 20
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay;
And, without weapon him assayling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray
Upon him turned, and, with greedie force
And furie, to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aveng'd on him and to devoure his corse.

But the bold Knight no whit thereat dismayd, 21
But catching up in hand a ragged stone
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digest that bone;
Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

Whom whenas he thus combred did behold, 22
Stryving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him closd, and, laying mightie hold
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath him downe to ground he cast;
And, then oppressing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine, [straine.
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to

Then tooke he up betwixt his armës twaine 23
The litle Babe, sweet relickes of his pray;
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray;
And every litle limbe he searcht around,
And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

So, having all his bands againe uptyde, 24
He with him thought backe to returne againe;
But when he lookt about on every syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme;
For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell 25
Which way to take: now West he went awhile,
Then North, then neither, but as fortune fell:
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With wearie travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his journeys end;
And evermore his lovely litle Spoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend:
So all that day, in wandring, vainely he did spend.

At last, about the setting of the Sunne, 26
Himselfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine Champain wonne:
Where, looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the forrests syde
A voice, that seemed of some womankynd,
Which to herselfe lamenting loudly cryde.
And oft complayn'd of Fate, and Fortune oft defyde.

To whom approaching, whenas she perceived 27
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd:
Whom whenas *Calepine* saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and, with faire blandishment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd;
"What be you, wofull Dame, which thus lament,
And for what cause, declare; so mote ye not repent."

To whom she thus; "What need me, Sir, to tell 28
That which yourself have earst ared so right?
A wofull Dame ye have me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight!"
"Nathlesse," quoth he, "if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it disclose, to ease your grieved spright:
Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot fynd."

Then thus began the lamentable Dame; 29
"Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
I am th' unfortunate *Matilde* by name,
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great Gyant, called *Cormoraunt*,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord;
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

"So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land, 30
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate:
But to these happie fortunes cruell Fate
Hath joyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
All these our joyes, and all our blisse abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to over-flow.

"For th' heavens, envying our prosperitie, 31
Have not vouchsaft to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after ourselves remaine
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule Feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the same after our livës end.

"But most my Lord is grieved herewithall, 32
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,
That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne
Be gotten, not begotten; which should drinke
And dry up all the water which doth ronne
In the next brooke, by whom that Feend should be fordonne.

"Well hop't he then, when this was propheside, 33
That from his sides some noble chyld should rize,
The which through fame should farre be magnifide,
And this proud Gyant should with brave emprize
Quite overthrow, who now ginnes to despize
The good Sir *Bruin* growing farre in years,
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.
Lo! this my cause of griefe to you appeares; [teares."
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaselesse

Which when he heard, he inly touched was 34
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe;
And, when he had devized of her case,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe:
And, having cheared her, thus said; "Faire Dame,
In evils Counsell is the comfort chiefe;
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

"If that the cause of this your languishment, 35
Be lacke of children to supply your place,
Lo! how good fortune doth to you present
This litle Babe, of sweete and lovely face,
And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enchace
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye list him traine in Chevalry,
Or noursle up in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

"And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene seene, 36
That of the like, whose linage was unknowne,
More brave and noble Knights have raysed beene
(As their victorious deedes have often showen,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen,)
Then those which have bene dandled in the lap.
Therefore some thought that those brave imps were sowen
Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly sap,
That made them grow so high t' all honorable hap."

The Ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speach, 37
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor geason,
Having oft seene it tryde as he did teach:
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same Babe accept,
As of her owne by liverey and seisin;
And, having over it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid 38
Of his young charge whereof he skilled nought;
Ne she lesse glad; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so wrought,
That, when that Infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his owne;
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,
That it became a famous Knight well knowne,
And did right noble deedes; the which elswhere are showne.

But *Calepine*, now being left alone 39
Under the greenewoods side in sorie plight,
Withouten armés or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heavens spight;
Albe that Dame, by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes and whatso else to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thankt her as a frend;

And, for exceeding griefe which inly grew, 40
That he his Love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine.

CANTO V.

The Salvage serves Serena well,
Till she Prince Arthure fynd;
Who her, together with his Squyre,
With th' Hermit leaves behynd.

O WHAT an easie thing is to descry 1
The gentle bloud, however it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt!
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this Wyld Man being undisciplynd,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt;
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

That plainely may in this Wyld Man be red, 2
Who, though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst salvage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched Dame:
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hether came;
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

Who, whenas now long time he lacked had 3
The good Sir *Calepine*, that farre was strayd,
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afrayd;
And, leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or whatso else were unto him betyde:
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where he spyde.

Tho, backe returning to that sorie Dame, 4
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament:
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously herselfe torment.

Upon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw, 5
Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breast new launcht with murdrous knife
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie Life:
There she long groveling and deepe groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger Death, and feared their decay:
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distrest, 6
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And sought, by all the meanes that he could best,
Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound:
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

At length, whenas no hope of his retourne 7
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that sorie case:
His steede, now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could she got, and did bedight;
And being thereon mounted forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

Whom when her Host saw readie to depart, 8
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about himself unfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare,
But without sword upon his thigh to sit;
Sir *Calepine* himselfe away had hidden it.

So forth they traveld an uneven payre, 9
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight;
A Salvage Man matcht with a Ladie fayre
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might
Gotten by spoyle then purchaced aright:
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

Upon a day, as on their way they went, 10
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident;
Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
Of this her Groome; which he by signes did reede;
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed;
And, in his homely wize, began to assay
T' amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard, 11
Lo! where a Knight, together with his Squire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward;
Which seemed, by their portance and attire,
To be two Errant Knights, that did inquire
After adventures, where they mote them get:
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
By straunge occasiön, that here needs forth be set.

After that *Timias* had againe recured 12
The favour of *Belphebe*, as ye heard,
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard:
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with unjust detraction him did beard;
Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her soveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

But, of them all which did his ruine seeke, 13
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely sought by open might
To overthrow, but to supplant by slight:
The first of them by name was cald *Despetto*,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second, not so strong but wise, *Decetto*;
The third, nor strong nor wise but spightfullest, *Defetto*.

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ, 14
And several deceipts, but all in vaine;
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine:
Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound:
Where singled forces faile, conjoyned may gaine.
The *Blatant Beast* the fittest meanes they found
To worke his utter shame, and throughly him confound.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite 15
When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
They sent that *Blatant Beast* to be a baite
To draw him from his deare beloved Dame
Unwares into the daunger of defame:
For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forrest wylde or tame
Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.

The hardy Boy, as they devised had, 16
Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the uncouth jeopardy;
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That, his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet, ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

Securely he did after him pursew, 17
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight; [drew,
Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers him
To weary him the more and waste his spight,
So that he now has almost spent his spright:
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose covert stopt his further sight;
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile, 18
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite:
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite;
And all the while his backe for best safegard
He lent against a tree, that backeward onset bard.

Like a wylde Bull, that, being at a bay, 19
Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre, barking with bitter sownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder:
So did that Squire his foes disperse and drive asonder.

Him well behoved so; for his three foes 20
Sought to encompasse him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose:
But, most of all, *Defetto* him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde;
So did *Decetto* eke him circumvent;
But stout *Despetto* in his greater pryde
Did front him, face to face against him bent:
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace, 21
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
Whenas unwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be uppon his gard;
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approching nye; 22
Who, seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, himself did faster hye
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty so to see him overset:
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get:
Him booted not to thinke them to pursew;
The covert was so thicke, that did no passage shew.

Then, turning to that Swaine, him well he knew 23
To be his *Timias*, his owne true Squire;
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake; "My liefe, my lifes desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where bene weft?

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne: 24
To whom the Squire nought aunswered againe,
But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His dear affect with silence did restraine,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seem'd fit time to entertaine:
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

So now they be arrived both in sight 25
Of this Wyld Man, whom they full busie found
About the sad *Serena* things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd.
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound;
But he it seeing lightly to him lept,
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept:

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke, 26
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline;
Whence soone upstarting, much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine;
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement stayd.

With that aloude the faire *Serena* cryde 27
Unto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine:
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the Wyld Man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand
What and from whence she was; and by what traine
She fell into that Salvage Villaines hand;
And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

To whom she thus; "I am, as now ye see, 28
The wretchedst Dame that lives this day on ground,
Who both in minde (the which most grieveth me)
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this drery stound.
I was erewhile the Love of *Calepine;*
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define.

"In salvage forrest I him lost of late, 29
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this Wylde Man in that wofull stead
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,
It is most straunge and wonderful to fynd
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

"Let me therefore this favour for him finde, 30
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake:
Small praise to prove your powre on wight so weake!"
With such faire words she did their heate asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her Page.

So, having all things well about her dight, 31
She on her way cast forward to proceede;
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede;
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed:
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe 32
To seeke some place, the which mote yeeld some ease
To these sicke twaine that now began to droupe:
And all the way the Prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could invent;
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

Mongst which, *Serena* did to him relate 33
The foule discourt'sies and unknightly parts,
Which *Turpine* had unto her shewed late
Without compassion of her cruell smarts:
Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But also trayterously did wound her weary Knight.

Wherewith the Prince sore moved there avoud 34
That, soone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
And shameful Knight, of whom she did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine
To passe the tedious travell of the way;
Till towards night they came unto a Plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

And nigh thereto a little Chappel stoode, 35
Which being all with Yvy overspred
Deckt all the roofe, and, shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over hed:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In streight observaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewise was praying now,
Whenas these Knights arriv'd, they wist not where nor how.

They stayd not there, but streightway in did pas: 36
Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
From his devotion streight he troubled was;
Which breaking off he toward them did pace
With stayed steps and grave beseeming grace:
For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all; and well did weene
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene:

And soothly it was sayd by common fame, 37
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now, and weary to
Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of Knighthood he did disavow;
And, hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
From all this worlds incombrance did himselfe assoyle.

He thence them led into his Hermitage, 38
Letting their steedes to graze upon the Greene:
Small was his house, and, like a little cage,
For his owne turne; yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay beseene:
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee 39
Did use his feeble body to sustaine;
The which full gladly they did take in glee,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But, being well suffiz'd, them rested faine:
But fair *Serene* all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the *Blatant Beast*
Had given them, whose griefe through suffraunce sore increast.

So all that night they past in great disease, 40
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painefull plight,
Then up they rose, and gan themselves to dight
Unto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were sicke; their sides were sore; their feete [were lame.
Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd 41
Would not permit to make there lenger stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well: So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the Salvage (that whyleare
Seeing his royal usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave Pere)
Would needes depart; as shall declared be elsewhere.

CANTO VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire and Dame
Of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate and shame
For his late villanies.

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy 1
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
As doth the poysnous sting, which Infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art nor any Leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the wounds the which that *Blatant Beast* 2
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And, being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became:
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poysnous humour which did most infest
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely drest.

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene; 3
And, through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright;
And all the passions heale, which wound the weaker spright.

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight, 4
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
In which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies:
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
He tooke himselfe unto this Hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds, 5
He found that they had festred privily;
And, ranckling inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery;
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With holesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
"Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde."

So, taking them apart into his Cell, 6
He to that point fit speaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe as well as say the same;
And thus he to them sayd; "Faire Daughter Dame,
And you, faire Sonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor since ye hither came;
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applie:

"For in yourselfe your onely helpe doth lie 7
To heale yourselves, and must proceed alone
From your owne will to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one:
First learne your outward senses to refraine
From things that stirre up fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk restraine
From that they most affect, and in due termes containe.

" For from those outward sences, ill affected, 8
The seede of all this evill first doth spring,
Which at the first, before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppresst with little thing:
But, being growen strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,
In th' inner parts; and lastly, scattering
Contagious poyson close through every vaine,
It never rests till it have wrought his finall bane.

" For that Beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore, 9
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of rusty yron ranckling sore,
That, where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With salve, or antidote, or other mene,
It ever to amend: ne marvaile ought;
For that same Beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome *Stygian* den upbrought,
Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

" *Echidna* is a Monster direfull dred, 10
Whom gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearfull uglinesse.

" To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face, 11
In fearefull darknesse, furthest from the skie
And from the earth, appointed have her place
Mongst Rocks and Caves, where she enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age:
There did *Typhaon* with her company;
Cruell *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous rage
Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes asswage.

" Of that commixtion they did then beget 12
This hellish dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast;*
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And pours his poysnous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne ever Knight that bore so lofty creast,
Ne ever Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

" In vaine therefore it were with medicine 13
To goe about to salve such kind of sore,
That rather needes wise read and discipline
Then outward salves that may augment it more."
" Aye me!" sayd then *Serena*, sighing sore,
" What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
If that no salves may us to health restore!"
" But sith we need good counsell," sayd the Swaine,
" Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may us sustaine."

" The best," sayd he, " that I can you advize, 14
Is, to avoide th' occasion of the ill:
For when the cause, whence evill doth arize,
Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will;
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;
Use scanted diet, and forbeare your fill;
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight."

Thus having sayd, his sickely Patients 15
Did gladly hearken to his grave beheast,
And kept so well his wise commaundëments,
That in short space their malady was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceave
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave:

But each the other vow'd t' accompany: 16
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetely set,
And a lewd Foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what meanes that shame to her befell, 17
And how thereof herselfe she did acquite,
I must a while forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir *Calepine* so foule despight;
And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

The Prince, according to the former token, 18
Which faire *Serene* to him delivered had,
Pursu'd him streight; in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that Wylde Man; whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrained be from his attendëment.

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall, 19
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode;
The whiles the Salvage Man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

Ere long to him a homely Groome there came, 20
That in rude wise him asked what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe:
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,
Mylde answer made, he was an Errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

But he, the more outrageous and bold, 21
Sternely did bid him quickely thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for why? his Lord of old
Did hate all Errant Knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay.

Which when the Salvage comming now in place 22
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And, running streight upon that Villaine base,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore;
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine, 23
And that same Knight and Salvage standing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slaine them presently:
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That, maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, whilst many underneath him fell.

Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew, 24
That few of them he left alive, which fled,
Those evill tidings to their Lord to shew:
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast; where whenas with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight
And Salvage with their bloud fresh steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reproachfull words him thus bespake on hight;

"Art thou He, traytor, that with treason vile 25
Hast slaine my men in this unmanly maner,
And now triúmphest in the piteous spoile
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end which still attendeth on her."
With that himselfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile, 26
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to addresse:
And evermore that craven cowherd Knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might:
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware, 27
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengëment:
So likewise turnde the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted, 28
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick prease, there thinking him to hyde:
But, when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde;
But, joyning close, huge lode at him did lay;
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

But, when his foe he still so eger saw, 29
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw:
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake
Whereso he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whylest every joynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace;
That made him evermore increase his speedie pace.

At last he up into the chamber came 30
Whereas his Love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him overtake anone
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone;
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone:
Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred steele did not into his braynepan byte.

Which when the Ladie saw, with great affright 31
She starting up began to shrieke aloud;
And, with her garment covering him from sight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud;
And, falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd;
That, with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He stayd his second strooke and did his hand abase.

Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover; 32
Who now come to himselfe yet would not rize,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the Prince his basenesse did despize,
And eke his Dame, him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare:
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd, 33
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd;
"Vile cowheard Dogge, now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou caytive so unworthie art,
That both thy Love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thyselfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all Knights hast shamed with this knightlesse part.

"Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame, 34
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare:
For first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
T' erect this wicked custome, which I heare
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost reare;
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms despoile,
Or of their upper garment which they weare:
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to foile.

"And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong, 35
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame; for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant Knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet have through prowesse and their brave emprize
Gotten great worship in this worldës sight:
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then right.

" Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie fayre 36
I given have, live in reproch and scorne!
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to professe; for shame is to adorne
With so brave badges one so basely borne;
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive!"
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

There whilest he thus was setling things above, 37
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant Knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

There he him found environed about 38
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine;
And laying yet afresh with courage stout
Upon the rest that did alive remaine;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage, 39
Approaching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And sought, by making signes, him to asswage:
Who them perceiving, streight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up convayd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
With her unworthy Knight, who ill him entertayned.

Whom when the Salvage saw from daunger free, 40
Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,
He well remembred that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his Lord for to displease:
Tho all in rage he on him streight did seaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent;
And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent:
But streight he held his hand at his commaundëment.

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned, 41
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest;
Where him *Blandina* fayrely entertayned
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best:
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest;
And how to please the minds of good and ill, [skill.
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned, 42
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,
And when her listed she could fawne and flatter;
Now smyling smoothly like to sommers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her tears but water.

Whether such grace were given her by kynd, 43
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde;
Or learnd the art to please, I doe not fynd:
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soon she pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her husbands peace:
Who nathëlesse, not therewith satisfyde,
His rancorous despight did not releasse,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surceasse:

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest 44
In carelesse couch not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him, that had so shamefully him shent:
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two Knights
Doe gaine their treasons meed.
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
For Loves disdaine decreed.

LIKE as the gentle hart itselfe bewrayes 1
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even so the baser mind itselfe displayes
In cancred malice and revengefull spight:
For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind;
Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

That well appears in this discourteous Knight, 2
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind malitious and ingrate
He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate:
Therefore, so soone as he was out of vew,
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde, 3
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.
At last he met two Knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, whatever chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to divide and each to make his owne.

To whom false *Turpine* comming courteously, 4
To cloke the mischiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a straunge Knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent;
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

The Knights beleev'd that all he sayd was trew; 5
And, being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; "Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed?"

"He rides," said *Turpine*, "there not farre afore, 6
With a Wyld Man soft footing by his syde;
That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde."
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde;
And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Devizing of his Love more then of daunger drad.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde, 7
Bidding him turne againe; "False traytour Knight,
Foule woman-wronger!"—for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Against him ran; but th' one did misse his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heavens darke.

But th' other, ayming better, did him smite 8
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
And scattered all about fell on the flowre:
But the stout Prince with much more steddy stowre
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,
That the cold steele through piercing did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight 9
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Herselfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing;
But th' other, not so swift as she before,
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

By this the other, which was passed by, 10
Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight;
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismal sight;
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malitious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight:
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

Not so the Prince; for his well-learned speare 11
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
And, to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearfull Swayne beholding death so nie 12
Cryde out aloud, for mercie, him to save;
In lieu whereof he would to him descrie
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus said he; "There is a straunger Knight,
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might."

The Prince much mused at such villenie, 13
And sayd; "Now sure ye well have earn'd your meed;
For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed."
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this mischiefe breed,
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
He would surceasse, but him whereso he were would seeke.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went 14
Backe to the place where *Turpine* late he lore;
There he him found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore
And griesly wounds, that him appalled sore.
Yet thus at length he said; "How now, Sir Knight,
What meaneth this which here I see before?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
So different from that which earst ye seem'd in sight?"

"Perdie," said he, "in evill houre it fell, 15
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell;
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake:
Witnesse the wounds, and this wide bloudie lake,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearned have, that life so dearely did redeeme."

16
" But where then is," quoth he halfe wrothfully,
" Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,
That recreant Knight, whose hated life I sought?
And where is eke your friend which halfe it ought?"
" He lyes," said he, " upon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that Errant Knight with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards myselfe with many a wound
Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound."

17
Thereof false *Turpine* was full glad and faine,
And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine;
For else his feare could not be satisfyde.
So, as they rode, he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came, whenas in evill tyde
That other Swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

18
Much did the Craven seeme to mone his case,
That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
And, him bewayling with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none:
For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found
Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,
Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in swound.

19
Wearie of travell in his former fight,
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
Having his armes and warlike things undight,
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
The whyles his Salvage Page, that wont be prest,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing, that seemed to him best;
The whyles his Lord in silver slomber lay,
Like to the evening starre adorn'd with deawy ray.

Whom whenas *Turpine* saw so loosely layd, 20
He weened well that he indeed was dead,
Like as that other Knight to him had sayd:
But, when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine signes in him of life and livelihead.
Whereat much griev'd against that straunger Knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would have backe retyred from that sight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

But that same Knight would not once let him start; 21
But plainely gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischiefe and late lucklesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the Victor, him to trace
And follow through the world whereso he went,
Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

He, therewith much abashed and affrayd, 22
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And, softly whispering him, entyrely prayd
T' advize him better then by such a traine
Him to betray unto a straunger Swaine:
Yet rather counseld him contrárywize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

Nathelesse, for all his speach, the gentle Knight 23
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in Lieges blood to be embrew'd!
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping vew'd.

There when he saw those two so neare him stand, 24
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee;
And, throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet, great store of forrest frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternly shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde 25
The traytour *Turpine* with that other Knight,
He started up; and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the Cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

But he so full of indignation was, 26
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
Then, letting him arise like abject thrall,
He gan to him object his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

And after all, for greater infamie, 27
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
However they through treason doe trespásse
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an asse,
Led by a Carle and Foole which by her side did passe.

She was a Ladie of great dignitie, 28
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the Land of Faërie:
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of Natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a Knight, and many a gentle Squire:

But she thereof grew proud and insolent, 29
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scornd them all that love unto her ment;
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy Pere:
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright:
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest Knight.

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwize, 30
That such proud looks would make her praysed more;
And that, the more she did all love depize,
The more would wretched Lovers her adore.
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her own delight.

Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard hart, 31
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would hight;
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

But loe! the Gods, that mortall follies vew, 32
Did worthily revenge this Maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide:
For on a day, when *Cupid* kept his Court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all Lovers doe resort,
That of their Loves successe they there may make report;

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red, 33
In which the names of all Loves folke were fyled,
That many there were missing; which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their Loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled.
Which whenas *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth;
And, doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

Then found he many missing of his crew, 34
Which wont doe suit and service to his might;
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a Jurie was impaneld streight
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away convayd:
To whom foule *Infamie* and fell *Despight*
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

Fayre *Mirabella* was her name, whereby 35
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wil'd a *Capias*
Should issue forth t' attach that scornefull Lasse.
The Warrant straight was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there *Portamore* did call;
He which doth summon Lovers to Loves Judgement Hall.

The Damzell was attacht, and shortly brought 36
Unto the Barre whereas she was arrayned:
But she thereto nould plead, nor answere ought,
Even for stubborne pride, which her restrayned:
So judgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like: Which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,
Gan stoupe; and, falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

The Sonne of *Venus*, who is myld by kynd, 37
But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome represse;
Yet not so freely, but that nathëlesse
He unto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
She wander should in compahie of those,
Till she had sav'd so many Loves as she did lose.

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares 38
Throughout the world, in this uncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace;
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space
Saved but two; yet in two yeares before,
Through her dispiteous pride, whilest love lackt place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me, how could her love make half amends therefore!

And now she was uppon the weary way, 39
Whenas the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,
Met her in such misseeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty Man did her demeane
With all the evill termes and cruell meane
That he could make; and eeke that angry Foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat 40
The one or th' other better her to use;
For both so wilfull were and obstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse:
But most the former Villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling Jade, was bent her to abuse;
Who, though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead:

For he was sterne and terrible by nature, 41
And eeke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a Gyant monstruous:
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Against the Heaven in order battailous;
And sib to great *Orgolio*, which was slaine
By *Arthure*, whenas *Unas* Knight he did maintaine.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies, 42
Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pryde;
And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stryde
At every step uppon the tiptoes hie;
And, all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about and stared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care, 43
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a jacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight;
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about and voyded from before;
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

This was *Disdaine*, who led that Ladies horse [Plains,
Through thick and thin, through mountains and through
Compelling her, where she would not, by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines:
But that same Foole, which most increast her paines,
Was *Scorne;* who, having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks; and still, when she complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament and bite her tender lip.

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld, 45
And saw those Villaines her so vildely use,
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
And could no lenger beare so great abuse
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
And, maugre all his might, backe to relent:
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent.

The Villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore, 46
Gathered himselfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton which he bore
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rather than once his burden to sustaine:
For bootlesse thing him seemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his pride.

Like as a mastiffe having at a bay 47
A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get,
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore;
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd, 48
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rewd,)
And with his yron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,
And bound him fast: Tho, when he up did looke
And saw himselfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare, 49
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd;
Ne ought that Foole for pitty did him spare,
But with his whip him following behynd
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd:
And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous then the others blowes:
Words sharpely wound, but greatest griefe of scorning [growes.
The faire *Serena*, when she saw him fall 50
Under that Villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought
To seeke for safety; which long time she sought;
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to *Calepine* was brought:
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I doe further say.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine:
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

YE gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre 1
Love hath the glory of his Kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift;
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde, 2
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate:
Ensample take of *Mirabellaes* case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire, 3
Which she beheld with lamentable eye
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery;
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threat
To hope for to release or mollify;
For aye the more that she did them entreat,
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

So as they forward on their way did pas, 4
Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
They met Prince *Arthure* with Sir *Enias*,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Having subdew'd yet did to life restore;)
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

The Squire himselfe, whenas he saw his Lord 5
The witnesse of his wretchednesse in place,
Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive case,
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see or to be seene at all;
Shame would be hid: But whenas *Enias*
Beheld two such, of two such Villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall;

And to the Prince thus sayd; See you, Sir Knight, 6
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight
Abusde, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe!
See! how they doe that Squire beat and revile!
See! how they doe the Lady hale and draw!
But, if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile."

The Prince assented; and then he, streightway 7
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approaching thus he gan to say;
" Abide, ye caytive treachetours untrew,
That have with treason thralled unto you
These two, unworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty pursew:
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or else abide the Death that hard before you stands."

8
The Villaine stayd not aunswer to invent;
But, with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe unto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay,
No more then lightening from the lofty sky:
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death; but, lightly slipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny:

9
And, to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
Saved himselfe but that he there him slew;
Yet sav'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his Foe good hope of victory:
Who, therewith flesht, upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke thought certainely
To have supplyde the first, and paide the usury.

10
But Fortune aunswerd not unto his call;
For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The Villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brond-yron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe
He driven was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdaine.

11
With that the Foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in; and, whilest on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him and held so strayte,
That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,
So as he could not weld him any way:
The whiles that other Villaine went about
Him to have bound and thrald without delay;
The whiles the Foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two and tame their corage stout.

As when a sturdy Ploughman with his hynde 12
By strength have overthrowne a stubborne steare,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare;
And, buckling soone himselfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle, to save his friend from jeopardy.

The Villaine, leaving him unto his Mate 13
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

But yet the Prince so well enured was 14
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas;
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light.
At last the Caytive after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft, 15
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
Thought sure have pownded him to powder soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre;
But Fortune did not with his will conspire:
For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble Childe, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now, 16
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, (yet did no bloud appeare,)
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he assayed to rise, but could not for his hurt.

Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept, 17
And, least he should recover foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept:
Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine;
"Stay, stay, Sir Knight, for love of God abstaine
From that unwares ye weetlesse doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine;
For more on him doth then himselfe depend;
My life will by his death have lamentable end."

He staide his hand according her desire, 18
Yet nathëmore him suffred to arize;
But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncouth words comprize,
That in that Villanes health her safetie lies;
That were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
Yet heavens themselves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for itselfe redresse, and punish such despights.

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast 19
Like many water-streams, awhile she stayd;
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd;
"Nor heavens, nor men, can me most wretched Mayd
Deliver from the doome of my desart,
The which the god of Love hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

20 " In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight;
And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
Of all her gifts, that pleasde each living sight;
I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sude and sought with all the service dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and sigh't,
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
Complayning *out on me* that would not on them rew.

21 " But let them love that list, or live or die;
Me list not die for any Lovers doole:
Ne list me leave my loved libertie
To pitty him that list to play the foole:
To love myself I learned had in schoole.
Thus I triúmphed long in Lovers paine,
And, sitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repayd with interest againe.

22 " For loe! the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Causde me be called to accompt therefore;
And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce sore;
That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and *Scorne*, I through the world should stray,
Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay."

23 " Certes," sayd then the Prince, " the God is just,
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples spoile:
For were no law in love, but all that lust
Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?"

" Here in this bottle," sayd the sory Mayd, 24
" I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in fals out anon,
And is behinde me trodden downe of *Scorne*,
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more I mourn."

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale, 25
And wondred much at *Cupids* judg'ment wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreake himselfe on them that him despise.
Then suffred he *Disdaine* up to arise,
Who was not able up himselfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late lucklesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen up, who him supported standing neare.

But being up he lookt againe aloft, 26
As if he never had received fall;
And with sterne eye-brows stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall:
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall;
Who was so farre from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraized.

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall, 27
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
He from those bands weend him to have unwound,
But when approaching neare he plainely found
It was his owne true Groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

Meane while the Salvage Man, when he beheld 28
That huge great Foole oppressing th' other Knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy Kight
Unto some carrion offered to his sight;
And, downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And, from him taking his owne whip therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the bloud downe followeth.

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry 29
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye:
But, being checkt, he did abstaine streightway
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say;
"Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That, if ye list have liberty, ye may;
Unto yourselfe I freely leave to chose,
Whether I shall you leave, or from these Villaines lose."

"Ah! nay, Sir Knight," said she, "it may not be, 30
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enjoyned is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill:
Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will."
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside:
But *Arthure* with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them devide.

But first it falleth me by course to tell 31
Of faire *Serena;* who, as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two she foure did read.

Through hils and dales, through bushes and through breres,
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Herselfe now past the perill of her feares:
Then looking round about, and seeing nought
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the Plaine;
And, sitting downe, herselfe awhile bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine;
And often did of love, and oft of lucke, complaine.

33

And evermore she blamed *Calepine*,
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine;
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
Yet never Turtle truer to his Make,
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright:
Who all this while endured for her sake
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

34

Tho whenas all her plaints she had displayd,
And well disburdened her engrieved brest,
Upon the grasse herselfe adowne she layd;
Where, being tyrde with travell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke herselfe to rest:
There whylest in *Morpheus* bosome safe she lay,
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray
Unto a strange mischaunce, that menac'd her decay.

35

In these wylde deserts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage Nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Themselves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive,)
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others need.

Thereto they usde one most accursed order, 36
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to devoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde:
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde!
They, towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by Fortune blynde
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

Soone as they spide her, Lord! what gladfull glee 37
They made amongst themselves! but when her face
Like the faire Yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to devize what course to take;
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

The best advizement was, of bad, to let her 38
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment;
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill better:
Then, when she wakt, they all gave one consent
That, since by grace of God she there was sent,
Unto their God they would her sacrifize,
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would present:
But of her dainty flesh they did devize
To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

So round about her they themselves did place 39
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring space:
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps; some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their knives, and strip their elboes bare:
The Priest himselfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowers, and with full busie care
His bloudy vessels wash and holy fire prepare.

The Damzell wakes; then all attonce upstart, 40
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brasen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly griefful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes: then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay: 41
And first they spoile her of her jewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly threasures of Natúre appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to himselfe, and to the rest envyes.

Her yvorie neck; her alablaster brest; 42
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were
For Love in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides; her bellie white and clere,
Which like an Altar did itselfe uprere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battel won.

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight, 43
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those Villeins vew'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spyes;
And some of them gan mongst themselves devize
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure:
But them the Priest rebuking did advize
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure
Vow'd to the gods: Religion held even theeves in measure.

So, being stayd, they her from thence directed 44
Unto a litle grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected
To slay her on. And now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens wyde
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh hand obtayned.

Tho, whenas all things readie were aright, 45
The Damzell was before the Altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright:
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certain secret charme,
With other divelish ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t' advance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to shrill 46
And shrieke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did rejoyce.
Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sir *Calepine*, by chaunce more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,
As he to seeke *Serena* through the woods did rove.

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle 47
Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now, all weetlesse of the wretched stormes
In which his Love was lost, he slept full fast;
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast,
And catching up his arms streight to the noise forth past.

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night, 48
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a Woman spoyled of all attire
He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire:
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved life.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng; 49
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing lays on earth along,
And sacrifizeth to th' infernall feends:
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends;
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a faulcons vew.

From them returning to that Ladie backe, 50
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what she ought by kind;
He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woe;
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind:
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answere him a whit thereto.

So inward shame of her uncomely case 51
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did cover her disgrace,
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the state in which she stood:
So all that night to him unknown she past:
But day, that doth discover bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knowen to him at last:
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another cast.

CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibee,
And loves fayre Pastorell:
Coridon envies him, yet he,
For ill, rewards him well.

NOW turne againe my teme, thou jolly swayne, 1
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow one or twayne
Unplough'd, the which my coulter had not cleft;
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it past; that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to *Calidores* immortall name.

Great travell hath the gentle *Calidore* 2
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the *Blatant Beast;* which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past, [plaines,
Through hils, through dales, through forests, and through
In that same quest which Fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the Monster did pursew, 3
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe (but Natures dew)
For dread of daunger not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to private farmes he scorsed.

From thence into the open fields he fled, 4
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing, to their flockes that fed,
Layes of sweet love and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,
And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace, 5
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes
Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes;
For other worldly wealth they cared nought:
To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

They answer'd him that no such beast they saw, 6
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw;
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd High God them farre from them to send:
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to quench his thirstie heat,
And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need, 7
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne:
Tho, having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire Damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed 8
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses; and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face, 9
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
And, caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest *Pastorella* her by name did hight.

Ne was there Heard, ne was there shepheards swayne, 10
But her did honour; and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But most of all the shepheard *Coridon*
For her did languish, and his deare life spend:
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

Her whyles Sir *Calidore* there vewed well, 11
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,
He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
Of the Blynd Boy; ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands;
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon, 12
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon:
But after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
And evermore his speach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the Damzels fantazy.

By this the moystie Night approching fast 13
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed:
Then came to them a good old aged Syre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wil'd the Damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

He was to weet, by common voice, esteemed 14
The father of the fayrest *Pastorell*,
And of herselfe in very deede so deemed;
Yet was not so; but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an Infant left alone;
And, taking up, brought home and noursed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none;
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

She at his bidding meekely did arise, 15
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire *Pastorella* home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but *Coridon* most helpe did give.

But *Melibee* (so hight that good old man) 16
Now seeing *Calidore* left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge then in the salvage fields to rome.
The Knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his harts owne wish; and home with him did go.

There he was welcom'd of that honest Syre 17
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
By which home came the fayrest *Pastorell*,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde;
And, supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well, 18
And the fayre Mayd the table ta'ne away;
The gentle Knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his Host and his good Wife;
And, drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

"How much," sayd he, "more happie is the state 19
In which ye, Father, here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease;
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease!
That certes I your happinesse envie,
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie!"

"Surely, my Sonne," then answer'd he againe, 20
"If happie; then it is in this intent,
That having small yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe myselfe, with that I have, content;
So taught of Nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

Therefore I doe not any one envy, 21
Nor am envyde of any one therefore:
They, that have much, feare much to loose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The litle that I have growes dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that doth send it!

"To them, that list, the worlds gay showes I leave, 22
And to great ones such follies doe forgive;
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
To sad decay, that might contented live.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

"Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe 23
Unto my lambes, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the Fawne I practise from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde, how to convay;
Another while I baytes and nets display
The birds to catch or fishes to beguyle;
And, when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle; [boyle
And drinke of every brooke, when thirst my throte doth

"The time was once, in my first prime of yeares, 24
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares
To follow sheepe and shepheards base attire;
For further fortune then I would inquire:
And, leaving home, to reiall court I sought,
Where I did sell myselfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainenesse as I never thought.

"With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded 25
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares myselfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to myselfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare:
Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

Whylest thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy eare 26
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
That he was wrapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speach that wrought him great content,
And also of the object of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe-entraunced grew.

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind, 27
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde; "Now surely, Syre, I find,
That all this worlds gay showes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadows to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or Fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones affrayd of every chaunges dred.

" That even I, which daily doe behold 28
The glorie of the great mongst whom I won,
And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;
And wish the heavens so much had graced mee,
As graunt me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

" In vaine," said then old *Melibee*, " doe men 29
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse;
Sith they know best what is the best for them:
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use.
For not that, which men covet most, is best;
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

" It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill, 30
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath litle, asks no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wise;
For wisdome is most riches: fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes devize;
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize."

" Since then in each mans self," said *Calidore*, 31
" It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Give leave awhyle, good Father, in this shore
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine;
That, whether quite from them for to retrate
I shall resolve or backe to turne againe,
I may here with yourselfe some small repose obtaine.

"Not that the burden of so bold a guest 32
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer live."
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer 33
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake; "Sir Knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread:
But, if ye algates covet to assay
This simple sort of life that Shepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to yourselfe aread."

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell, 34
And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire *Pastorell*,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courtesies he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

But she that never had acquainted beene 35
With such quient usage, fit for Queens and Kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seene;
But, being bred under base Shepheards wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things;
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for *Colins* carolings
Then all that he could doe, or e'er devize;
His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all despize.

Which *Calidore* perceiving, thought it best 36
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes himselfe addrest
In shepheards weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of steele-head speare, a Shepheards hooke;
That who had seene him then, would have bethought
On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brooke,
When he the love of fayre *Benone* sought,
What time the Golden Apple was unto him brought.

So being clad unto the fields he went 37
With the faire *Pastorella* every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous Wolfe away,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke: Love so much could.

Which seeing *Coridon*, who her likewise 38
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that Straungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were;
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of *Pastorell* to all the shepheards there,
That she did love a stranger swayne then him more dere.

And ever, when he came in companie 39
Where *Calidore* was present, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
Impatient of any Paramoure:
Who on the other side did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That, all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of jarre.

And oft, when *Coridon* unto her brought 40
Or litle sparrowes stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best:
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This new-come Shepheard had his market mard.
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

One day, whenas the shepheard swaynes together 41
Were met to make their sports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee;
They fell to daunce: Then did they all agree
That *Colin Clout* should pipe, as one most fit;
And *Calidore* should lead the ring, as hee
That most in *Pastorellaes* grace did sit:
Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip closely bit.

But *Calidore*, of courteous inclination, 42
Tooke *Coridon* and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For *Coridon* could daunce, and trimly trace;
And whenas *Pastorella*, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on *Coridons* instead:
Then *Coridon* woxe frollicke, that earst seemed dead.

Another time, whenas they did dispose 43
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their judge did *Pastorella* chose;
A garland was the meed of victory:
There *Coridon*, forth stepping, openly
Did chalenge *Calidore* to wrestling game;
For he, through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practisd was, and in the same [shame.
Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his foe great

But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake; 44
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake;
And, had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest joynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by *Pastorell*
Given to *Calidore* as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to *Coridon*, and said he wonne it well.

Thus did the gentle Knight himselfe abeare 45
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour; So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of joy and blisse, though long time dearely bought.

Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time 46
To winne the love of the faire *Pastorell*;
Which having got, he used without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,
Was favoured and to her grace commended:
But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce
To Colins melody:
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

WHO now does follow the foule *Blatant Beast*, 1
Whilest *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheast
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieved?
But now, entrapt of Love which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved [grieved.
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath sore en-

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew 2
His former quest, so full of toile and paine;
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his Love to gaine;
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour fed with light report
Of every blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be 3
From so high step to stoupe unto so low;
For who had tasted once, as oft did he,
The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales;
Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales
T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze 4
Like to one sight which *Calidore* did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That never more they should endure the shew
Of that shunne-shine, that makes them looke askew:
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely *Glorianaes* heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad, 5
Whilest his faire *Pastorella* was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the earth which were:
For all that ever was by Natures skill
Deviz'd to worke delight was gathered there;
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

It was an Hill plaste in an open Plaine, 6
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in majesty and powre:

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud 7
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approch; ne filth mote therein drowne;
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious Plaine 8
Did spred itselfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasauntly the Hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount *Acidale*.

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose 9
Herselfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herselfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall Court
And in her soveraine majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit.

Unto this place whenas the Elfin Knight 10
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

He durst not enter into th' open Greene, 11
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde:
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he himselfe his eyes envýde,
An hundred naked Maidens lilly white
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight.

All they without were raunged in a ring, 12
And daunced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
And in the middest of those same three was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

Looke! how the crowne, which *Ariadne* wore 13
Upon her yvory forehead that same day
That *Theseus* her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold *Centaures* made that bloudy fray
With the fierce *Lapithes* which did them dismay;
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band, 14
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:
But she, that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell;
Crownd with a rosie girlond that right well
Did her beseeme: and ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far did smell
And fragrant odours they uppon her threw;
But, most of all, those Three did her with gifts endew.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight, 15
Handmaides of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Uppon this Hill, and daunce there day and night:
Those Three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all, that *Venus* in herself doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them: but that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
Was she to whom that Shepheard pypt alone;
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

She was, to weete, that jolly Shepheards Lasse, 16
Which piped there unto that merry rout;
That jolly Shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore *Colin Clout*, (who knows not *Colin Clout?*)
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.
Pype, jolly Shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy Love that made thee low to lout;
Thy Love is present there with thee in place;
Thy Love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

Much wondred *Calidore* at this straunge sight, 17
Whose like before his eye had never seene;
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of Beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But, soone as he appeared to their vew, 18
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew;
All save the Shepheard, who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne:
But *Calidore*, though no lesse sory wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne:

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake; 19
"Haile, jolly Shepheard, which thy joyous dayes
Here leadest in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes!
Tell me what mote these dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes:
Right happy thou, that mayest them freely see
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?"

" Not I so happy," answerd then that Swaine, 20
" As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe;
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themselves list so to grace."
" Right sory I," saide then Sir *Calidore*,
" That my ill fortune did them hence displace:
But since things passed none may now restore, [sore."
Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thee grieves so

Tho gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate; 21
" Then wote, thou Shepheard, whatsoe'er thou bee,
That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are *Venus* Damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces which on her depend;
Besides a thousand more which ready bee
Her to adorne, whenso she forth doth wend;
But those Three in the midst, doe chiefe on her attend:

" They are the Daughters of sky-ruling Jove, 22
By him begot of faire *Eurynome*,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way comming from feastful glee
Of Thetis wedding with *Aecidee*,
In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.
The first of them hight mylde *Euphrosyne*,
Next faire *Aglaia*, last *Thalia* merry;
Sweete goddesses all Three, which me in mirth do cherry!

" These Three on men all gracious gifts bestow, 23
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well-favoured show;
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie:
They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
We should ourselves demeane, to low, to hie,
To friends, to foes; which skill men call Civility.

"Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile, 24
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from covert malice free;
And eeke themselves so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd herselfe afore;
That good should from us goe, then come, in greater store.

"Such were those goddesses which ye did see: 25
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,
Who can aread what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heven first enraced!
But whatso sure she was, she worthy was
To be the Fourth with those Three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe:

"So farre, as doth the Daughter of the Day 26
All other lesser lights in light excell;
So farre doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell;
Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

"Another Grace she well deserves to be, 27
In whom so many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine resemblaunce, beauty soveraine rare,
Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare!
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her Peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

"Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky, 28
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great *Gloriana*, greatest Majesty!
Pardon thy Shepheard, mongst so many layes
As he hath sung of Thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore Handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse;
That, when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made!"

When thus that Shepheard ended had his speach, 29
Sayd *Calidore*; "Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy Loves deare sight from thee:
But, gentle Shepheard, pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sought that which I mote not see."
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.

In such discourses they together spent 30
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the Knight himselfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reason red,
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his sences ravished,
That thence he had no will away to fare, [share.
But wisht that with that Shepheard he mote dwelling

But that envenimd sting, the which of yore 31
His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
And to renue the rigour of his smart;
Which to recure, no skill of Leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse paine;
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from the maine.

So, taking leave of that same gentle Swaine, 32
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire *Pastorella* did remaine:
To whome in sort, as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply himselfe to donne
All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

And evermore the Shepheard *Coridon*, 33
Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strive to match with strong contention,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunst to arize
To him, the Shepheard straight with jealousie did frize.

One day, as they all three together went 34
To the greene wood to gather strawberies,
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident:
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide-gaping like hell-gate,
Did runne at *Pastorell* her to surprize;
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

Which *Coridon* first hearing, ran in hast 35
To reskue her; but, when he saw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his frend:
But *Calidore* soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to rend
His Loves deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enraged, instead of being frayde.

He had no weapon but his shepheards hooke 36
To serve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will;
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell;
Whence ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it presented
Before the feete of the faire *Pastorell;*
Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thankt that had her death prevented.

From that day forth she gan him to affect, 37
And daily more her favour to augment;
But *Coridon* for cowherdize reject,
Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for loves content:
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Yet *Calidore* did not despise him quight,
But usde him friendly for furthér intent,
That by his fellowship he colour might
Both his estate and love from skill of any wight.

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her, 38
With humble service, and with daily sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And joyed long in close felicity:
Till Fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and brute,
That envies Lovers long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity.

It fortuned one day, when *Calidore* 39
Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
A lawlesse people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
That never usde to live by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade;
And spoyld their houses, and themselves did murder,
And drove away their flocks; with other much disorder.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray, 40
They spoyld old *Melibee* of all he had,
And all his people captive led away;
Mongst which this lucklesse Mayd away was lad,
Faire *Pastorella*, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sigh't,
Now made the spoile of theeves and *Brigants* bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

With them also was taken *Coridon*, 41
And carried captive by those theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convay:
Their dwelling in a little Island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrowen gras:

For underneath the ground their way was made 42
Through hollow Caves, that no man mote discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of living wight and covered over;
But Darkenesse dred and daily Night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as felt.

Hither those *Brigants* brought their present pray, 43
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire *Pastorell*
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought herself in hell, [dwell.
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment 44
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
(Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of sunne
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade;)
And what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

CANTO XI.

The Theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slain:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

THE joys of love, if they should ever last 1
Without affliction or disquietnesse
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to heaven then mortall wretchednesse:
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd, 2
Faire *Pastorell*, of whom is now my song:
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
Amongst those Theeves, which her in bondage strong
Detaynd; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That whoso heares her heavinesse, would rew
And pitty her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt hew.

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned, 3
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
It so befell, as Fortune had ordayned,
That he which was their Capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Faire *Pastorella*, whose sad mournefull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired, 4
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himselfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
And sought her love by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

But all that ever he could doe or say 5
Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love:
Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

At last, when him she so impórtune saw, 6
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;
She thought it best, for shadow, to pretend
Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made, 7
With better tearmes she did him entertaine,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her joyance should obtaine:
But when she saw, through that small favours gaine,
That further then she willing was he prest;
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sickenesse which her sore opprest,
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes behest.

By meanes whereof she would not him permit 8
Once to approach to her in privity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meete for remedy:
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
Her sickenesse was not of the body but the mynde.

During which space that she thus sicke did lie, 9
It chaunst a sort of Merchants, which were wount
To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this Isle, though bare and blunt,
T' inquire for slaves; where being readie met
By some of these same Theeves at th' instant brunt,
Were brought unto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

To whom they shewed, how those Marchants were 10
Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy;
And therefore prayd that those same captives there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their just demaund deny,
And willed streight the slaves should forth be called,
And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled.

Then forth the good old *Melibee* was brought, 11
And *Coridon* with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught;
All which he to the Marchants sale did showe:
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire Shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe;
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more t' augment her price through praise of comlinesse.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize 12
Made answere, that " the Mayd of whom they spake
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize;
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe which did that conquest make;
Litle for him to have one silly lasse;
Besides through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandise to passe:"
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake she was.

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard, 13
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
Yet, like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
These Marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

At last when all the rest them offred were, 14
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her;
Ne ought would buy, however prisd with measure,
Withouten her, whose worth above all threasure
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold:
But then the Captaine, fraught with more displeasure,
Bad them be still; " his Love should not be sold;
The rest take if they would; he her to him would hold."

Therewith some other of the chiefest Theeves 15
Boldly him bad such injurie forbeare;
For that same Mayd, however it him greeves,
Should with the rest be sold before him theare,
To make the prises of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;
And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare
That whoso hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply, 16
They fall to strokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for Death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the griesly night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them stalke,
And makes huge havocke; whiles the candle-light
Out-quenched leaves no skill nor difference of wight.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs, ymet 17
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray;
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruell *Brigants* there.

But, first of all, their captives they doe kill, 18
Least they should joyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old *Melibee* is slaine; and him beside
His aged wife; with many others wide:
But *Coridon*, escaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe, 19
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre *Pastorell*, who with the selfe same wound
Launcht through the arme fell down with him in dreriе swound.

There lay she covered with confused preasse 20
Of carcases, which dying on her fell:
Tho, whenas he was dead, the fray gan ceasse;
And each to other calling did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone:
Thereto they all attonce agreëd well;
And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild, 21
And in his armes the dreary dying Mayd,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds uphild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie night.

But, when they mov'd the carcases aside, 22
They found that life did yet in her remaine;
Then all their helpes they busily applyde
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well, with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last:
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene and all her hart-strings brast,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghast.

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see, 23
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Herselfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that having saved her from dying
Renew'd her death by timely death denying.
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying!
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
Albe with all their might those *Brigants* her did keepe.

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe, 24
They left her so, in charge of one, the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarse yeelding her due food or timely rest,
And scarsely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we back to *Calidore*, where we him found.

Who when he backe returned from the wood, 25
And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
And his Love reft away; he wexed wood
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
That even his hart, for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare:
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sigh't,
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being otherwhere.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine, 26
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increast the anguish of his paine:
He sought the woods, but no man could see there;
He sought the Plaines, but could no tydings heare:
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The Playnes all waste and emptie did appeare;
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

At last, as there he romed up and downe, 27
He chaunst one coming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he unto him approached nye,
He mote perceive, by signes which he did fynd
That *Coridon* it was, the silly shepheards hynd.

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay 28
To greet him first, but askt Where were the rest,
Where *Pastorell*?—Who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
And up to heaven his eyes fast-streming threw:
Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, What ment that rufull hew;
Where was his *Pastorell*? Where all the other crew?

"Ah! well away," sayd he, then sighing sore, 29
"That ever I did live this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire *Pastorella* dye!"
"Die! out alas!" then *Calidore* did cry,
"How could the Death dare ever her to quell!
But read thou, Shepheard, read what destiny
Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell."

Tho, when the Shepheard breathed had awhyle, 30
He thus began; "Where shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how those *Brigants* vyle
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence
Spoyld all our cots, and caried us from hence;
Or how faire *Pastorell* should have bene sold
To Marchants, but was sav'd with strong defence;
Or how those Theeves, whilest one sought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

"In that same conflict (woe is me!) befell 31
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.
First all the captives, which they here had hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent;
Old *Melibee* and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament:
But, when the lot to *Pastorell* did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, and did her death forstall.

" But what could he gainst all them doe alone? 32
It could not boot; needs mote she die at last!
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cryes and clamors, which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darknesse, dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those joyes and jollyhead,
Which with those gentle shepheards here I wont to lead."

When *Calidore* these ruefull newes had raught, 33
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death itselfe unto himselfe did threat;
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft, that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere.

But after griefe awhile had had his course, 34
And spent itselfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wreake;
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or, if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to breake.

Tho *Coridon* he prayd, sith he well knew 35
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to see what should be donne:
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede;
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne:
Yet *Calidore* so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

So forth they goe together (God before) 36
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes; but *Calidore*
Had, underneath, him armed privily:
Tho, to the place when they approached nye,
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare, 37
The self-same flocks the which those Theeves had reft
From *Melibee* and from themselves whyleare;
And certaine of the Theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards, themselves then kept:
Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late sheepe,
And, seeing them, for tender pittie wept:
But, when he saw the Theeves which did them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

But *Calidore* recomforting his griefe, 38
Though not his feare; for nought may feare disswade;
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom *Coridon* him counseld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

Tho, sitting downe by them upon the Greene, 39
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of *Pastorell*, were she alive or slaine:
Mongst which the Theeves them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which whylere
Had from their maisters fled, and now sought hyre elswhere.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made 40
To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe:
For they themselves were evill groomes, they sayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the Land, or scoure the deepe.
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe;
For they for better hyre did shortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke.

Tho, whenas towards darksome night it drew, 41
Unto their hellish dens those Theeves them brought;
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles sought:
There did they find, contrárie to their thought,
That *Pastorell* yet liv'd; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as *Coridon* had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
But chiefly *Calidore*, whom griefe had most possest.

At length, when they occasion fittest found, 42
In dead of night, when all the Theeves did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought best;
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meanest sort;
With which he streight went to the Captaines nest:
But *Coridon* durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind for dread of worse effort.

When to the cave they came, they found it fast: 43
But *Calidore* with huge resistlesse might
The dores assayled, and the locks upbrast:
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light
Unto the entrance ran; where the bold Knight
Encountring him with small resistence slew:
The whiles faire *Pastorell* through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some uprore were like that which lately she did vew.

But whenas *Calidore* was comen in, 44
And gan aloud for *Pastorell* to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,
She sudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each houre into Deathes mouth to fall,
At length espyes at hand the happie cost,
On which he safety hopes that earst feard to be lost.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past 45
Had never joyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
Like lyfeful heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele that long for death had sought:
Ne lesse in hart rejoyced *Calidore*,
When he her found; but, like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore;
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore, 46
The hue and cry was raysed all about;
And all the *Brigants* flocking in great store
Unto the Cave gan preasse, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
But *Calidore* in th' entry close did stand,
And, entertayning them with courage stout,
Still slew the formost that came first to hand;
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approch, 47
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day;
Which when he spyde upon the earth t' encroch,
Through the dead carcases he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he forth went into th' open light,
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And, fierce assayling him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

How many flyes in whottest Summers day 48
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes do overlay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troups, and round about him scattreth wide.

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of Dere, 49
Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convay
Into their Caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

Then, backe returning to his dearest Deare, 50
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the joyous light
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight:
So her uneath at last he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

This doen, into those theevish dens he went, 51
And thence did all the spoyles and threasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent:
But Fortune now the Victors meed did make;
Of which the best he did his Love betake;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from *Melibee* and from his Make,
He did them all to *Coridon* restore:
So drove them all away, and his Love with him bore.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands.
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

LIKE as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde 1
Directs her course unto one certaine cost,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she herselfe in stormie surges tost;
Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost;
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd 2
This gentle Knight from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-sayd,
To shew the courtesie by him profest
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the *Blatant Beast*;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

Sir *Calidore*, when thus he now had raught 3
Faire *Pastorella* from those *Brigants* powre,
Unto the Castle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure*;
Who whylome was, in his youthes freshest flowre,
A lustie Knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayrest Ladie then of all that living were:

Her name was *Claribell;* whose father hight 4
The Lord of *Many Ilands*, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might:
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This Daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the Prince of *Picteland*, bordering nere;
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to *Bellamoure* empierced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forreign fere:

And *Bellamour* againe so well her pleased 5
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrely seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few:
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage that them in dongeon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

Nathlesse Sir *Bellamour*, whether through grace 6
Or secret guifts, so with his Keepers wrought,
That to his Love sometimes he came in place;
Whereof her wombe unwist to wight was fraught,
And in dew time a Mayden Child forth brought:
Which she streightway (for dread least ff her Syre
Should know thereof to slay he would have sought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fostred under straunge attyre.

The trustie Damzell bearing it abrode 7
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle Babe, to take thereof a sight:
Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a Rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

Well she it markt, and pittied the more, 8
Yet could not remedie her wretched case;
But, closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place;
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
Behind the bushes where she her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heavens grace,
Would for the wretched Infants helpe provyde;
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

At length a Shepheard, which thereby did keepe 9
His fleecie flocke upon the Playnes around,
Led with the Infants cry that loud did weepe,
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found
Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound;
And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,
He tooke it up and in his mantle wound;
So home unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst and named evermore.

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall, 10
And *Bellamour* in bands; till that her syre
Departed life, and left unto them all:
Then all the stormes of Fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they joy'd in happinesse together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thether.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine; 11
For *Bellamour* knew *Calidore* right well,
And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field: als *Claribell*
Ne lesse did tender the faire *Pastorell*,
Seeing her weake and wan through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight and many joyes among,
Untill the Damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

Tho gan Sir *Calidore* him to advize 12
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
That much he feared least reproachfull blame
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much praise and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

Therefore, resolving to returne in hast 13
Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his Love, now perill being past,
With *Claribell*; whylest he that Monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought:
So taking leave of his faire *Pastorell*,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell 14
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,
During his absence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient Matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that *Melissa* hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire 15
Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell.

Which well avizing, streight she gan to cast 16
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire Mayd
Was that same Infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To Fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd:
So, full of joy, streight forth she ran in hast
Unto her Mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her, how the heavens had her graste,
To save her Chylde, which in Misfortunes mouth was plaste.

The sober Mother seeing such her mood, 17
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her so.
"My liefe," sayd she, "ye know that long ygo,
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little Mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
The same againe if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder Lady, whom High God did save."

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach, 18
And gan to question streight how she it knew.
"Most certaine markes," sayd she, "do me it teach;
For on her breast I with these eyes did vew
The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
Besides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
Matched with equall years, do surely prieve
That yond same is your Daughter sure, which yet doth live."

The Matrone stayd no lenger to enquire, 19
But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily, for great desire
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
In which that Rose she plainely saw displayd:
Then, her embracing twixt her armës twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
"And livest thou, my Daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine?"

Tho further asking her of sundry things, 20
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her presents,
Is her owne Daughter, her owne Infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at those so straunge events,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a joyfull kisse and many a melting teare.

Whoever is the mother of one chylde, 21
Which having thought long dead she fyndes alive,
Let her by proofe of that which she hath fylde
In her owne breast, this Mothers joy descrive:
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a Daughter saw survive,
As *Pastorella* was; that nigh she swelt
For passing joy, which did all into pitty melt.

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord, 22
She unto him recounted all that fell:
Who, joyning joy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd, for his owne, faire *Pastorell.*
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell
Of *Calidore;* who, seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through every place with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd by the tract of his outragious spoile.

Through all estates he found that he had past, 23
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoyling all with maine and might.

Into their Cloysters now he broken had, 24
Through which the Monckes he chaced here and there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their Cels and secrets neare;
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion nor their holy heast.

From thence into the sacred Church he broke, 25
And robd the Chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And altars fouled, and blasphémy spoke,
And the Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew;
So all confounded and disordered there:
But, seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing soone approached neare.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke, 26
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus* griesly grim:

And therein were a thousand tongs empight 27
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night;
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry;
And some of Beares, that groynd continually;
And some of Tygres, that did seeme to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

And them amongst were mingled here and there 28
The tongues of Serpents, with three-forked stings,
That spat out poyson, and gore-bloudy gere,
At all that came within his ravenings;
And spake licentious words and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,
Ne Kesars spared he a whit nor Kings;
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury.

But *Calidore*, thereof no whit afrayd, 29
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke threatning in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight
That fomed all about his bloody jawes:
Tho, rearing up his former feete on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes:

But he right well aware, his rage to ward, 30
Did cast his shield atweene; and, therewithall
Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall;
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore 31
To be downe held, and maystred so with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore,
Striving in vaine to rere himself upright:
For still, the more he strove, the more the Knight
Did him suppresse, and forcibly subdew;
That made him almost mad for fell despight:
He grind, he bit, he scracht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend right horrible in hew:

Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine 32
That great *Alcides* whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilest *Calidore* him under him downe threw;
Who nathëmore his heavy load releast,
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought availe 33
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharpely at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbeare,
But strained him so streightly that he chokt him neare.

At last, whenas he found his force to shrincke 34
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzle strong
Of surest yron made with many a lincke;
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphémous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong:
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his own despight.

Like as whylóme that strong *Tirynthian* swaine 35
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To griesly *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For aye in Darkenesse which day-light doth shonne:
So led this Knight his captyve with like conquest wonne.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those 36
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durst till then impose;
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once withstand
The proved powre of noble *Calidore;*
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

Him through all Faery Land he follow'd so, 37
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, whereso he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong;
And, seeing it, much wondred at the sight:
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
Rejoyced much to see his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the Knight.

Thus was this Monster, by the maystring might 38
Of doughty *Calidore*, suppresst and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed:
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that, (whether wicked fate so framed
Or fault of men,) he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he wrought 39
To mortall men than he had done before;
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more:
Albe that, long time after *Calidore*,
The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand;
And after him Sir *Lamoracke* of yore;
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

So now he raungeth through the world againe, 40
And rageth sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime;
Ne spareth he most learned Wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime;
But rends, without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely Verse, of many meanest, 41
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More than my former Writs, all were they cleanest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please; that now is counted wise mens threasure.

TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE:

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleasd in mortall things
Beneath the Moone to raigne)
Pretends, as well of Gods as Men,
To be the Soveraine.

1

WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
How *Mutability* in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse, that whylome I heard say,
How she at first herselfe began to reare [beare.
Gainst all the Gods, and th' empire sought from them to

2

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In *Faery* Land mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old *Titans* that did whylome strive
With *Saturnes* sonne for heavens regiment;
Whom though high *Jove* of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive:

And many of them afterwards obtain'd 3
Great power of *Jove*, and high authority:
As *Hecatè*, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diversly
To Gods and men, as she them list divide;
And drad *Bellona*, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto Nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.

So likewise did this *Titanesse* aspire 4
Rule and dominion to herselfe to gaine;
That as a Goddesse men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine:
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;
Where she such proofe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.

For she the face of earthly things so changed, 5
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake, 6
But eke of Justice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:
Since which, all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of *Mutabilitie*,
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death, in stead of life, have sucked from our Nurse!

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought 7
To her behest and thralled to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the heavens hight,
And *Jove* himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

Thence to the Circle of the Moone she clambe, 8
Where *Cynthia* raignes in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heavens goodly story;
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight *Tyme*,) she entred, were he liefe or sory;
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
Where *Cynthia* did sit, that never still did stand.

Her sitting on an ivory throne shee found, 9
Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Evening-starre intend;
That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And joy to weary wandring travailers did lend:

That when the hardy *Titanesse* beheld 10
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heavens substance, and up-held
With thousand Crystall pillors of huge hight;
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t' envie her that in such glorie raigned.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might
Her to displace and to herselfe t' have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

Boldly she bid the Goddesse downe descend, 11
And let herselfe into that Ivory throne;
For she herselfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men whose fall she did bemone,
Or unto Gods whose state she did maligne,
Or to th' infernall Powers her need give lone
Of her faire light and bounty most benigne,
Herselfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne.

But shee that had to her that soveraigne seat 12
By highest *Jove* assign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
But, with sterne countenaunce and disdainfull cheare
Bending her horned browes did put her back;
And, boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bade her attonce from heavens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

Yet nathëmore the *Giantesse* forbare; 13
But, boldly preacing on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand:
Whereat the Starres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

Mean while the lower World, which nothing knew 14
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the Heavens, and all the heavenly crew,
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least *Chaos* broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chiefely *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste unto the King of Gods to plaine.

All ran together with a great out-cry 15
To *Joves* faire Palace fixt in heavens hight;
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that suddaine lack of light.
The Father of the gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting least *Typhon* were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

Eftsoones the Sonne of *Maia* forth he sent 16
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why shee did her wonted course forslowe;
And, if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe;
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The author, and him bring before his presence prest.

The wingd-foot God so fast his plumes did beat, 17
That soone he came whereas the *Titanesse*
Was striving with faire *Cynthia* for her seat;
At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse:
Yet, laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last he bade her, with bold stedfastnesse
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high *Jove* her dooings to discharge.

And therewithall he on her shoulder laid 18
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid:
Whereat the *Titanesse* did sternely lower,
And stoutly answer'd; That in evill hower
He from his *Jove* such message to her brought,
To bid her leave faire *Cynthias* silver bower;
Sith shee his *Jove* and him esteemed nought,
No more then *Cynthias* selfe; but all their Kingdoms sought.

The Heavens Herald staid not to reply, 19
But past away, his doings to relate
Unto his Lord; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placed in his principall Estate,
With all the Gods about him congregate:
To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save *Jove;* who, changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold:

"Harken to mee awhile, ye heavenly Powers: 20
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed;
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroied quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet despite.

"Of that bad seed is this bold Woman bred, 21
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver bed,
And eke ourselves from heavens high empire,
If that her might were match to her desire:
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counsell wise:
Areed, ye Sonnes of God, as best ye can devise."

So having said, he ceast; and with his brow 22
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest Powers of heaven to check,)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake:
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and wise.
Meanewhile th' Earths daughter, though she nought did reck
Of *Hermes* message, yet gan now advise
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprize.

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd: that whil'st the Gods 23
(After returne of *Hermes* Embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods;
Before they could new counsels re-allie,
To set upon them in that extasie,
And take what fortune, time, and place would lend:
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To *Joves* high Palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: Good onset boads good end.

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass; 24
Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose:
But *Jove*, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his soveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and Majestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

That when the haughty *Titanesse* beheld, 25
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad Audience;
Untill that *Jove* himselfe herselfe bespake:
"Speake, thou fraile Woman, speake with confidence;
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou earths mansion to forsake?"

Shee, halfe confused with his great commaund, 26
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund;
"I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:
But by the fathers, be it not envide,
I greater am in bloud, whereon I build,
Then all the gods, though wrongfully from heaven exil'd.

" For *Titan*, as ye all acknowledge must, 27
Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth-right;
Both sonnes of *Uranus*; but by unjust
And guilefull meanes, through *Corybantes* slight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which thou, *Jove*, injuriously hast held
The heavens rule from *Titans* sonnes by might;
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld:
Witnesse, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have teld!"

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods that gave good eare 28
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
(Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the Goddesses in place,)
Stood all astonied; like a sort of Steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine race
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

Till, having pauz'd awhile, *Jove* thus bespake; 29
" Will never mortall thoughts ceasse to aspire
In this bold sort to Heaven claime to make,
And touch celestiall seates with earthly mire?
I would have thought that bold *Procrustes* hire,
Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixions* paine,
Or great *Prometheus* tasting of our ire,
Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restraine,
And warn'd all men, by their example, to refraine:

" But now this off-scum of that cursed fry 30
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And chalenge th' heritage of this our skie;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell?" With that, he shooke
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

But when he looked on her lovely face, 31
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in Heaven beare,)
He staide his hand; and, having chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wise began;
"But ah! if Gods should strive with flesh yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if *Jove* should doe still what he can!

"But thee, faire *Titans* child, I rather weene, 32
Through some vaine errour, or inducement light,
To see that mortall eyes have never seene;
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,
Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongst wretched men, dismaide with her affright,
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdoms to bestowe:
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth seem to showe.

"But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titanesse*, 33
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in Heavens interesse;
Much lesse the Title of old *Titans* right:
For we by conquest, of our soveraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Have wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright;
Which to ourselves we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

"Then ceasse thy idle claime, thou foolish gerle; 34
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
That place, from which by folly *Titan* fell;
Thereto thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine,
Have *Jove* thy gracious Lord and Soveraigne."
So having said, she thus to him replyde;
"Ceasse, *Saturnes* Sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t'allure mee to thy side,
For to betray my Right before I have it tride.

" But thee, O *Jove*, no equall judge I deeme 35
Of my desert, or of my dewfull right;
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:
But to the highest him, that is behight
Father of Gods and men by equall might,
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale."
Thereat *Jove* wexed wroth, and in his spright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade *Dan Phœbus* Scribe her Appellation seale.

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were, 36
Where all, both heavenly Powers and earthly wights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For triall of their Titles and best Rights:
That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
Of *Arlo-hill* (Who knowes not *Arlo-hill?*)
That is the highest head, in all mens sights
Of my old father *Mole*, whom Shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file 37
To sing of hilles and woods amongst warres and
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile, [Knights,
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights;
And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianaes* spights,
(Beeing of old the best and fairest Hill
That was in all this Holy-Islands hights,)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
Meane while, O *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

Whylome when *Ireland* florished in fame 38
Of wealth and goodnesse, far above the rest
Of all that beare the *British* Islands name,
The gods then us'd, for pleasure and for rest,
Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them best:
But none of all therein more pleasure found
Then *Cynthia*, that is soveraine Queene profest
Of woods and forrests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on ground.

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game, 39
(Either for chace of beasts with hound or bowe,
Or for to shroude in shade from *Phœbus* flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,)
She chose this *Arlo;* where shee did resort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody gods did oft consort;
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play and sport:

Amongst the which there was a Nymph that hight 40
Molanna; daughter of old Father *Mole,*
And sister unto *Mulla* faire and bright:
Unto whose bed false *Bregog* whylome stole,
That Shepheard *Colin* dearely did condole,
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to bee:
But this *Molanna,* were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

For first she springs out of two marble Rocks, 41
On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted growes,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
Of some faire Bride, brought forth with pompous showes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe
Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
That on each side her silver channell crowne,
Till to the plaine she come, whose Valleyes shee doth drowne.

In her sweet streames *Diana* used oft, 42
After her sweatie chace and toilesome play,
To bathe herselfe; and, after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may;
For much she hated sight of living eye:
Foolish God *Faunus,* though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in privity.

No way he found to compasse his desire, 43
But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her Maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire:
So her with flattering words he first assaid;
And, after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betraid
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she herselfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

Thereto hee promist, if she would him pleasure 44
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that whereas shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the *Fanchin*, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his Love, and of him liked well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell;
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

The simple Maid did yield to him anone; 45
And eft him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for *Jove* a likely pray.

There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his eye, 46
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That, for great joy of somewhat he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest;
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought: a foolish *Faune* indeed,
That couldst not hold thyselfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed!
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

47
The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;
And, running straight whereas she heard his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke
Like darred Larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

48
Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her Dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding whereas some wicked beast unware
That breakes into her Dayr' house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine;
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deathes deviseth in her vengefull mind:

49
So did *Diana* and her maydens all
Use silly *Faunus*, now within their baile:
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all did beare;
For nought against their wils might countervaile:
Ne ought he said, whatever he did heare;
But, hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

50
At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penaunce him to give.
Some would have gelt him; but that same would spill
The Wood-gods breed, which must for ever live;
Others would through the river him have drive
And ducked deepe; but that seem'd penaunce light:
But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
Him in Deares skin to clad; and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, himselfe save how hee might.

But *Cynthia's* selfe, more angry then the rest, 51
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome jest;
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid.
He, much affeard, to her confessed short
That 'twas *Molanna* which her so bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands upon *Molanna* laid.

But him (according as they had decreed) 52
With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then chast
With all their hounds that after him did speed;
But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast
Then any Deere; so sore him dread aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have brast;
That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the skie.

So they him follow'd till they weary were; 53
When, back returning to *Molann'* againe,
They, by commaund'ment of *Diana*, there
Her whelm'd with stones: Yet *Faunus*, for her paine,
Of her beloved *Fanchin* did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves passe through a pleasant Plaine,
Till with the *Fanchin* she herselfe doe wed,
And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river spred.

Nath'lesse *Diana*, full of indignation, 54
Thenceforth abandond her delicious brooke;
In whose sweete streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about *Arlo* hid;
And all that Mountaine, which doth overlooke
The richest champian that may else be rid;
And the faire *Shure*, in which are thousand Salmons bred.

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thenceforth she left; and, parting from the place,
Thereon an heavy haplesse curse did lay;
To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to space,
Shou'd harbour'd be and all those Woods deface,
And Thieves should rob and spoile that Coast around.
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase
Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since have found!

CANTO VII.

Pealing from Jove to Natures Bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large Evidence: but Nature soone
Her righteous Doome areads.

AH! whither doost thou now, thou greater Muse, 1
Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring?
And my fraile spirit, that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight unfit for her weake wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King
(Thy soveraine Sire) his fortunate successe;
And victory in bigger noates to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that *Titanesse*,
That him of heavens Empire sought to dispossesse?

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest, 2
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne; and in my sable brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne?

Now, at the time that was before agreed, 3
The Gods assembled all on *Arlo* Hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were present there.

And thither also came all other creatures, 4
Whatever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features;
That *Arlo* scarsly could them all containe;
So full they filled every hill and Plaine:
And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border,
They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

Then forth issew'd (great Goddesse) great Dame *Nature* 5
With goodly port and gracious Majesty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie;
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry;
For, with a veile that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare.

That, some doe say, was so by skill devized, 6
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beautious was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass.

That well may seemen true; for well I weene 7
That this same day, when she on *Arlo* sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that:
As those three sacred *Saints*, though else most wise,
Yet on Mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their eyes.

In a fayre Plaine upon an equall Hill 8
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not such as Craftesmen by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes states to fashion;
But th' Earth herself, of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,
Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe
For homage unto her, and like a throne did shew.

So hard it is for any living wight 9
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whose gentle spright,
The pure well-head of Poesie did dwell)
In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mell,
But it transferd to *Alane*, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of kindes* describ'd it well:
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seek he out that *Alane* where he may be sought.

And all the earth far underneath her feete 10
Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view,
The which the Nymphes from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole threw;
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

And *Mole* himselfe, to honour her the more, 11
Did deck himself in freshest faire attire;
And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the love of some new Nymph late seene
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene:
Ah! gentle *Mole*, such joyance hath thee well beseene.

Was never so great joyance since the day 12
That all the gods whylome assembled were
On *Hæmus* hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare
Twixt *Peleus* and Dame *Thetis* pointed there;
Where *Phœbus* self, that god of Poets hight,
They say, did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were ravisht with delight
Of his celestiall song and Musicks wondrous might.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred, 13
Great *Nature*, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted;
Unseene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have teld,
Before her came Dame *Mutabilitie;*
And, being lowe before her presence feld
With meek obaysance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif Plea with words to amplifie:

"To thee, O greatest Goddesse, onely great, 14
An humble suppliant loe! I lowely fly,
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;
Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning all Wrong and tortious Injurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other
Oppressing them with power unequally,
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother

"To thee therefore of this same *Jove* I plaine, 15
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds raign,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven itselfe by heritage in Fee:
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee;
And gods no more then men thou doest esteeme:
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seeme.

"Then weigh, O soveraigne Goddesse, by what right 16
These gods do claime the worlds whole soverainty:
And that is onely dew unto my might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which *Jove* usurpes unjustly, that to be
My heritage, *Jove's* selfe cannot deny,
From my great grandsire *Titan* unto mee
Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well known to thee.

"Yet mauger *Jove*, and all his gods beside, 17
I doe possesse the worlds most regiment;
As if ye please it into parts divide,
And every parts inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And first, the Earth (great mother of us all)
That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
And unto *Mutability* not thrall,
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall:

"For all that from her springs, and is ybredde, 18
However fayre it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
To turne again unto their earthly slime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily see new creatures to arize,
And of their Winter spring another Prime,
Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:
So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

"As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts; 19
The beasts we daily see massácred dy
As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts;
And men themselves doe change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly;
But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

" Ne is the Water in more constant case; 20
Whether those same on high, or these belowe:
For th' Ocean moveth still from place to place;
And every River still doth ebbe and flowe;
Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde
When any winde doth under heaven blowe;
With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
Now like great Hills; and streight, like sluces, them unfold.

" So likewise are all watry living wights 21
Still tost and turned with continuall change,
Never abyding in their stedfast plights:
The fish, still floting, doe at randon range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

" Next is the Ayre: which who feeles not by sense 22
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still, and with subtill influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
In state of life? O weake life! that does leane
On thing so tickle as th' unsteady Ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

" Therein the changes infinite beholde, 23
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce;
Now boyling hot; streight friezing deadly cold;
Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce;
Streight bitter storms, and balefull countenance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake:
Rayne, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad penánce,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes make.

" Last is the Fire; which, though it live for ever, 24
Ne can be quenched quite; yet, every day,
We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay;
So makes himself his owne consuming pray:
Ne any living creatures doth he breed;
But all, that are of others bredd, doth slay;
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seede.

" Thus all these Fower (the which the groundwork bee 25
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of *Change* we subject see:
Yet are they chang'd by other wondrous slights
Into themselves, and lose their native mights;
The Fire to Aire, and th' Ayre to Water sheere,
And Water into Earth; yet Water fights
With Fire, and Aire with Earth, approaching neere;
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

" So in them all raignes *Mutabilitie*; 26
However these, that Gods themselves do call,
Of them doe claime the rule and soverainty;
As *Vesta*, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this with us so usuall;
Ops, of the earth; and *Juno*, of the Ayre;
Neptune, of Seas; and Nymphes, of Rivers all:
For all those Rivers to me subject are;
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

" Which to approven true, as I have told, 27
Vouchsafe, O Goddesse, to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold;
As Times and Seasons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which demand in generall,
Or judge thyselfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subject all."
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by
Bade *Order* call them all before her Majesty.

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare: 28
First, lusty *Spring* all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth Paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

Then came the jolly *Sommer*, being dight 29
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated sore.

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad, 30
As though he joyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Lastly, came *Winter* cloathed all in frize, 31
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill:
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarse his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went. 32
And after them the Monthes all riding came:
First, sturdy *March*, with brows full sternly bent
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over *Hellespontus* swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh *Aprill*, full of lustyhed, 33
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' *Argolick* fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds [sight
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he seem'd in
With waves, through which he waded for his Loves delight.

Then came faire *May*, the fayrest Mayd on ground, 34
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Upon two Brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The Twinnes of *Leda*; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soveraine Queene:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene
And *Cupid* selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

And after her came jolly *June*, arrayd 35
All in greene leaves, as he a Player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest grace.

Then came hot *July* boyling like to fire, 36
That all his garments he had cast away:
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay:
(It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Némæan forrest, till the *Amphytrionide*
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:)
Behinde his backe a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixt was *August*, being rich arrayd 37
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crownd
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after Wrong was lov'd and Justice solde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven extold.

Next him *September* marched eeke on foote; 38
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A Paire of Waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.

Then came *October* full of merry glee; 39
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frollick and so full of lust:
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by *Dianaes* doom unjust
Slew great *Orion*; and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

Next was *November*; he full grosse and fat 40
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting eeke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull *Centaure* was in sight,
The seed of *Saturne* and faire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

And after him came next the chill *December*: 41
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad:
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith *Dan Jove* in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' *Ieean* Mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

Then came old *January*, wrapped well 42
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may;
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot Steane he stood, [Flood.
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane

And lastly came cold *February*, sitting 43
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two Fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.
So past the Twelve Months forth, and their dew places found.

And after these there came the *Day* and *Night*, 44
Riding together both with equall pase;
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white:
But *Night* had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And Sleep and Darknesse round about did trace:
But *Day* did beare upon his scepters hight
The goodly Sun encompast all with beamës bright.

Then came the *Howres*, faire daughters of high *Jove* 45
And timely *Night;* the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might forslack the charge to them foreshewed
By mighty *Jove;* who did them porters make
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came *Life;* and lastly *Death:* 46
Death with most grim and griesly visage seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene:
But *Life* was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine *Dan Cupid* to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively joy,
Deckt all with flowres and wings of gold fit to employ.

When these were past, thus gan the *Titanesse;* 47
"Lo! mighty Mother, now be judge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
Change doth not raign and beare the greatest sway;
For who sees not that *Time* on all doth pray?
But *Times* do change and move continually:
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subject still to *Mutabilitie?*"

Then thus gan *Jove;* "Right true it is, that these 48
And all things else that under heaven dwell
Are chaung'd of *Time*, who doth them all disseise
Of being: But who is it (to me tell)
That *Time* himselfe doth move and still compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely Wee,
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
So them We gods doe rule, and in them also Thee."

To whom thus *Mutability;* "The things, 49
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,
Ye may attribute to yourselves as Kings,
And say, they by your secret power are made:
But what we see not, who shall us perswade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordered by your ayde,
Yet what if I can prove, that even Yee
Yourselves are likewise chang'd, and subject unto Mee?

"And first, concerning her that is the first, 50
Even you, faire *Cynthia;* whom so much ye make
Joves dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
On *Cynthus* hill, whence she her name did take;
Then is she mortall borne, howso ye crake:
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed see and sundry forms partake, [gray:
Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown and
So that *as changefull as the Moone* men use to say.

"Next *Mercury;* who though he lesse appeare 51
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one;
Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So *Venus* eeke, that goodly Paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day:
And *Phœbus* self, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

Now *Mars*, that valiant man, is changed most; 52
For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
And cleane without his usuall sphere to fare;
That even these Star-gazers stonisht are
At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes;
So likewise grim Sir *Saturne* oft doth spare
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
So many turning cranks these have, so many crookes.

"But you, *Dan Jove*, that only constant are, 53
And King of all the rest, as ye do clame,
Are you not subject eeke to this misfare?
Then let me aske you this withouten blame;
Where were ye borne? Some say in *Crete* by name,
Others in *Thebes*, and others otherwhere;
But, wheresoever they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were
And borne here in this world; ne other can appeare.

"Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to Me; 54
Unlesse the Kingdome of the sky yee make
Immortall and unchangeable to be:
Besides, that power and vertue, which ye spake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change: for each of you,
That vertue have or this or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others opposition or obliquid view.

"Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares, 55
So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes faine,
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;
What is the same but Alteration plaine?
Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine:
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still move,
And even itself is mov'd, as wizards faine:
But all that moveth doth Mutation love:
Therefore both you and them to Me I subject prove.

"Then since within this wide great *Universe* 56
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transverse;
What then should let, but I aloft should reare
My Trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
Now judge then, O thou greatest Goddesse trew,
According as thyselfe doest see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew;
That is, the Rule of all; all being rul'd by You."

So having ended, silence long ensewed; 57
Ne *Nature* to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground still viewed.
Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,
To whether side should fall the soveraigne place:
At length she, looking up with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches few:

"I well consider all that ye have sayd; 58
And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate
And changed be; yet, being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being doe dilate;
And, turning to themselves at length againe,
Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne;
But they raigne over Change, and doe their states maintaine.

"Cease therefore, Daughter, further to aspire, 59
And thee content thus to be rul'd by Me:
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change shall see!"
So was the *Titaness* put downe and whist,
And *Jove* confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And *Natures* selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

THE VIIIth CANTO,

UNPERFITE.

When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare 1
Of *Mutability*, and well it way;
Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway:
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away;
Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle!

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd, 2
Of that same time when no more *Change* shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to *Mutabilitie*:
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbaths sight!

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MISCELLANIES.

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

BY ED. SP. 1595.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

CAPTAINE OF HER MAJESTIES GUARD, LORD WARDEIN OF THE STANNERIES, AND LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTIE OF CORNWALL.

SIR,

THAT you may see that I am not alwaies ydle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogither undutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple Pastorall, unworthie of your higher conceipt for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt, in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden unto you for your singular favours, and sundrie good turnes, shewed to me at my late being in England; and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house at Kilcolman, the 27. of December.

1591. [rather perhaps 1595.]

Yours ever humbly,

ED. SP

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

THE shepheards boy (best knowen by that name) 1
That after *Tityrus* first sung his lay,
Laies of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custome was) upon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe unto his peres,
The shepheard swaines that did about him play:
Who all the while with greedie listfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse Deare, dismayd with thunders sound.
At last, when as he piped had his fill,
He rested him: and, sitting then around,
One of those groomes (a jolly groome was he,
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight *Hobbinol*;) gan thus to him areed.
"*Colin*, my liefe, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke!
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse!
That, sith thy Muse first since thy turning backe
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye,
Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.
Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:
The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,
And all their birds with silence to complaine:
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fish with languour did lament:
But now both woods and fields and floods revive,

Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,
That us, late dead, hast made againe alive:
But were it not too painefull to repeat
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
Now at thy leisure them to us to tell."
To whom the shepheard gently answered thus;
"*Hobbin*, thou temptest me to that I covet:
For of good passed newly to discus,
By dubble usurie doth twise renew it.
And since I saw that Angels blessed eie,
Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,
My mind, full of my thoughts satietie,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glory bright,
My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threasure.
Wake then, my pipe; my sleepie Muse, awake;
Till I have told her praises lasting long:
Hobbin desires, thou maist it not forsake;—
Harke then, ye jolly shepheards, to my song."
With that they all gan throng about him neare,
With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie:
The whiles their flocks, devoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at libertie.
"One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my trade)
Under the foote of *Mole*, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the *Mullaes* shore:
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himselfe he did ycleepe
The Shepheard of the *Ocean* by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.

He, sitting me beside in that same shade, 68
Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit;
And, when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it:
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid theron; (for well that skill he cond;)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip'd, I sung; and, when he sung, I piped;
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery;
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped we, untill we both were weary."
There interrupting him, a bonie swaine,
That *Cuddy* hight, him thus atweene bespake:
"And, should it not thy readie course restraine,
I would request thee, *Colin*, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie;
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymne or morall laie,
Or carol made to praise thy loved Lasse."
"Nor of my love, nor of my Lasse, (quoth he,)
I then did sing, as then occasion fell:
For love had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that desart choose to dwell.
But of my river *Bregogs* love I soong,
Which to the shiny *Mulla* he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long
As water doth within his bancks appeare."
"Of fellowship (said then that bony Boy)
Record to us that lovely lay againe:
The staie whereof shall nought these eares annoy,
Who all that *Colin* makes do covet faine."
"Heare then (quoth he) the tenor of my tale,
In sort as I it to that shepheard told:
No leasing new, nor Grandams fable stale,
But auncient truth confirm'd with credence old.
"Old father *Mole*, (*Mole* hight that mountain gray
That walls the northside of *Armulla* dale;)

He had a daughter fresh as floure of May, 106
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale;
Mulla, the daughter of old *Mole* so hight
The Nimph, which of that water course has charge,
That, springing out of *Mole*, doth run downe right
To *Buttevant*, where, spreading forth at large,
It giveth name unto that auncient Cittie,
Which *Kilnemullah* cleped is of old;
Whose ragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie
To travailers, which it from far behold.
Full faine she lov'd, and was belov'd full faine
Of her owne brother river, *Bregog* hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with *Mulla* wrought to win delight.
But her old sire more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which *Allo* hight, Broad-water called farre;
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,
That he that river for his daughter wonne:
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be doone.
Nath'lesse the Nymph her former liking held;
For love will not be drawne, but must be ledde;
And *Bregog* did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got her first to wedde.
But for her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far observ'd, with jealous eie,
Which way his course the wanton *Bregog* bent;
Him to deceive, for all his watchfull ward,
The wily lover did devise this sleight:
First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
That, whilest the one was watcht, the other might
Passe unespide to meete her by the way;
And then, besides, those little streames so broken
He under ground so closely did convay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,

Till they into the *Mullaes* water slide. 144
So secretly did he his love enjoy:
Yet not so secret, but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepheards boy.
Who, wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
In great avenge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill.
So of a River, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought;
And, lost emong those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so deare his love he bought."
Which having said, him *Thestylis* bespake;
" Now by my life this was a mery lay,
Worthie of *Colin* selfe, that did it make.
But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
What dittie did that other shepheard sing:
For I do covet most the same to heare,
As men use most to covet forreine thing."
" That shall I eke (quoth he) to you declare:
His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindnesse, and of usage hard,
Of *Cynthia* the Ladie of the Sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.
And ever and anon, with singulfs rife,
He cryed out, to make his undersong;
Ah! my loves Queene, and Goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong?"
Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,
That *Marin* hight; " Right well he sure did plaine,
That could great *Cynthiaes* sore displeasure breake,
And move to take him to her grace againe.
But tell on further, *Colin*, as befell
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dissuade."
" When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
(Quoth he) and each an end of singing made,
He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,

That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore, 182
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leave, thenceforth he counseld mee,
Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him, his *Cynthia* to see;
Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull.
Besides her peerlesse skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankynd did far excell;
Such as the world admyr'd, and praised it:
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fare.
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill:
Small needments else need shepheard to prepare.
So to the sea we came; the sea, that is
A world of waters heaped up on hie,
Rolling like mountaines in wide wildernesse,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie."
"And is the sea (quoth *Coridon*) so fearfull?"
"Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can fear:
Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping direfull
Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare,
And yet would live with heart halfe stonie cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seemes,
Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes
Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to hell.
For, as we stood there waiting on the strond,
Behold, an huge great vessell to us came,
Dauncing upon the waters back to lond,
As if it scornd the daunger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed togither with some subtile matter.
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to move it selfe upon the water.

Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster was,
That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did passe
So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
The same aboord us gently did receave,
And without harme us farre away did beare,
So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and heaven to us appeare.
Then hartelesse quite, and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
Under what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no living people dwell.
Who, me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that *Cynthia* hight,
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.—
"If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the flockes and heards, which she doth keep?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheepe?"
"These be the hills, (quoth he) the surges hie,
On which faire *Cynthia* her heards doth feed:
Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is *Triton*, blowing loud his wreathed horne:
At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at evening and at morne.
And *Proteus* eke with him does drive his heard
Of stinking Seales and Porcpisces together,
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
And I, among the rest, of many least,
Have in the Ocean charge to me assignd;
Where I will live or die at her beheast,
And serve and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heavenly borne,
And of immortall race, doo still attend

To wash faire *Cynthiaes* sheep, when they be shorne,
And fold them up, when they have made an end.
Those be the Shepheards which my *Cynthia* serve
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land:
For land and sea my *Cynthia* doth deserve
To have in her commandëment at hand."
Thereat I wondred much, till, wondring more
And more, at length we land far off descryde:
Which sight much gladed me; for much afore
I feard, least land we never should have eyde:
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
We *Lunday* passe; by that same name is ment
An Island, which the first to West was showne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in jeopardie,
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
Against the seas encroching crueltie.
Those same, the shepheard told me, were the fields
In which dame *Cynthia* her landheards fed;
Faire goodly fields, then which *Armulla* yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The first, to which we nigh approched, was
An high headland thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemd to be a goodly pleasant lea:
There did a loftie mount at first us greet,
Which did a stately heape of stones upreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which us did beare:
There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade,
And put us all ashore on *Cynthias* land.
"What land is that thou meanst, (then *Cuddy* sayd)
And is there other then whereon we stand?"
"Ah! *Cuddy*, (then quoth *Colin*) thous a fon,
That hast not seene least part of Natures worke:
Much more there is unkend then thou doest kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.

For that same land much larger is then this, 296
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is,
And all things else that living creatures need.
Besides most goodly rivers there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy *Fanchins* praise,
Or unto *Allo*, or to *Mulla* cleare:
Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seene in thy daies."
"But if that land be there (quoth he) as here,
And is theyr heaven likewise there all one?
And, if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do wone?"
"Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more
(Quoth he) abound in that same land then this.
For there all happie peace and plenteous store
Conspire in one to make contented blisse:
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries;
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger:
No ravenous Wolves the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
There learned Arts do florish in great honor,
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price:
Religion hath lay powre to rest upon her,
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to use:
For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,
But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse."
"But say on further (then said *Corylas*)
The rest of thine adventures, that betyded."
"Foorth on our voyage we by land did passe,
(Quoth he) as that same shepheard still us guyded,
Untill that we to *Cynthiaes* presence came:
Whose glorie greater then my simple thought,

I found much greater then the former fame; 334
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her lyken to a crowne of Lillies,
Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,
With Roses dight and Goolds and Daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
In which all colours of the Rainbow bee;
Or like faire *Phebes* garlond shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine:
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdome, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
More fit it is t' adore, with humble mind,
The image of the heavens in shape humane."
With that *Alexis* broke his tale asunder,
Saying; "By wondring at thy *Cynthiaes* praise,
Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
And her upraising doest thy selfe upraise.
But let us heare what grace she shewed thee,
And how that shepheard strange thy cause advanced."
"The Shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
Unto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight;
For not by measure of her owne great mynd,
And wondrous worth, she mott my simple song,
But joyd that country shepheard ought could fynd
Worth harkening to, emongst the learned throng."
"Why? (said *Alexis* then) what needeth shee
That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
And hath so many shepheards in her fee,
To heare thee sing, a simple silly Elfe?

Or be the shepheards which do serve her laesie, 372
That they list not their mery pipes applie?
Or be their pipes untunable and craesie,
That they cannot her honour worthylie?"
" Ah! nay (said *Colin*) neither so, nor so:
For better shepheards be not under skie,
Nor better hable, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
There is good *Harpalus*, now woxen aged
In faithful service of faire *Cynthia*:
And there is *Corydon* though meanly waged,
Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.
And there is sad *Alcyon* bent to mourne,
Though fit to frame an everlasting dittie,
Whose gentle spright for *Daphnes* death doth tourn
Sweet layes of love to endlesse plaints of pittie.
Ah! pensive boy, pursue that brave conceipt,
In thy sweet Eglantine of *Meriflure;*
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height,
That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is *Palin* worthie of great praise,
Albe he envie at my rustick quill:
And there is pleasing *Alcon*, could he raise
His tunes from laies to matter of more skill.
And there is old *Palemon* free from spight,
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew:
Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
And there is *Alabaster* throughly taught
In all this skill, though knowen yet to few;
Yet, were he knowne to *Cynthia* as he ought,
His Elisëis would be redde anew.
Who lives that can match that heroick song,
Which he hath of that mightie Princesse made?
O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade:
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glorie which he hath begun:

That, when he finisht hath as it should be,
No braver Poeme can be under Sun.
Nor *Po* nor *Tyburs* swans so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that Muse when it with Bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepheard late up sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpasse;
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung unto a scornfull Lasse.
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In loves soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly, *Daniell*,
And to what course thou please thy selfe advance:
But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
In Tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that Shepheard of the *Ocean* is,
That spends his wit in loves consuming smart:
Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his,
That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
There also is (ah no, he is not now!)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
Having his *Amaryllis* left to mone.
Helpe, O ye shepheards, helpe ye all in this,
Helpe *Amaryllis* this her losse to mourne:
Her losse is yours, your losse *Amyntas* is,
Amyntas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne:
He whilest he lived was the noblest swaine,
That ever piped on an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
And there, though last not least, is *Aetion*;
A gentler shepheard may no where be found:
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himselfe heroically sound.

All these, and many others mo remaine, 448
Now, after *Astrofell* is dead and gone:
But, while as *Astrofell* did live and raine,
Amongst all these was none his Paragone.
All these do florish in their sundry kynd,
And do their *Cynthia* immortall make:
Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake."
Then spake a lovely Lasse, hight *Lucida;*
" Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,
Which favour thee, and honour *Cynthia:*
But of so many Nymphs, which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd;
That seems, with none of them thou favor foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest."
" Ah far be it (quoth *Colin Clout*) fro me,
That I of gentle mayds should ill deserve:
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serve;
The beame of beautie sparkled from above,
The flowre of vertue and pure chastitie,
The blossome of sweet joy and perfect love,
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie:
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize:
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice:
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is shee,
And I hers ever onely, ever one:
One ever I all vowed hers to bee,
One ever I, and others never none."
Then thus *Melissa* said; "Thrise happie Mayd,
Whom thou doest so enforce to deifie:
That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou hast made
Her name to eccho unto heaven hie.
But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?"
"They all (quoth he) me graced goodly well,

That all I praise; but, in the highest place, 486
Urania, sister unto *Astrofell*,
In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are;
More rich then pearles of *Ynde*, or gold of *Opher*,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.
Ne lesse praise-worthie I *Theana* read,
Whose goodly beames though they be over dight
With mourning stole of carefull wydowhead,
Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright;
She is the well of bountie and brave mynd,
Excelling most in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of womankind,
And Courts chief garlond with all vertues dight.
Therefore great *Cynthia* her in chiefest grace
Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,
Well worthie of so honourable place,
For her great worth and noble governance.
Ne lesse praise-worthie is her sister deare,
Faire *Marian*, the Muses onely darling:
Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare,
With silver deaw upon the Roses pearling,
Ne lesse praise-worthie is *Mansilia*,
Best knowne by bearing up great *Cynthiaes* traine:
That same is she to whom *Daphnaida*
Upon her neeces death I did complaine:
She is the paterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie:
Worthie next after *Cynthia* to tread,
As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne lesse praise-worthie *Galathea* seemes,
Then best of all that honourable crew,
Faire *Galathea* with bright shining beames,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
She there then waited upon *Cynthia*,
Yet there is not her won; but here with us
About the borders of our rich *Coshma*,
Now made of *Maa*, the Nymph delitious.

Ne lesse praisworthie faire *Neæra* is, 524
Neæra ours, not theirs, though there she be;
For of the famous *Shure*, the Nymph she is,
For high desert, advaunst to that degree.
She is the blosome of grace and curtesie,
Adorned with all honourable parts:
She is the braunch of true nobilitie,
Belov'd of high and low with faithfull harts.
Ne lesse praisworthie *Stella* do I read,
Though nought my praises of her needed arre,
Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre.
Ne lesse praisworthie are the sisters three,
The honor of the noble familie:
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,
And most that unto them I am so nie:
Phyllis, *Charillis*, and sweet *Amaryllis*.
Phyllis, the faire, is eldest of the three:
The next to her is bountifull *Charillis*:
But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
Phyllis, the floure of rare perfection,
Faire spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight,
That, with their beauties amorous reflexion,
Bereave of sence each rash beholders sight.
But sweet *Charillis* is the Paragone
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none,
Through the myld temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrise happie do I hold thee, noble swaine,
The which art of so rich a spoile possest,
And, it embracing deare without disdaine,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest:
Of all the shepheards daughters which there bee,
And yet there be the fairest under skie,
Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
A fairer Nymph yet never saw mine eie:
She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
Made by the Maker selfe to be admired

And like a goodly beacon high addrest,
That is with sparks of heavenlie beautie fired.
But *Amaryllis*, whether fortunate
Or else unfortunate may I aread,
That freed is from *Cupids* yoke by fate,
Since which she doth new bands adventure dread;—
Shepheard, what ever thou hast heard to be
In this or that praysd diversly apart,
In her thou maist them all assembled see,
And seald up in the threasure of her hart.
Ne thee lesse worthie, gentle *Flavia*,
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme:
Ne thee lesse worthie, curteous *Candida*,
For thy true love and loyaltie I deeme.
Besides yet many mo that *Cynthia* serve,
Right noble Nymphs, and high to be commended:
But, if I all should praise as they deserve,
This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.
Therefore, in closure of a thankfull mynd,
I deeme it best to hold eternally
Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrynd,
Then by discourse them to indignifie."
So having said, *Aglaura* him bespake:
"Colin, well worthie were those goodly favours
Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
But of great *Cynthiaes* goodnesse, and high grace,
Finish the storie which thou hast begunne."
"More eath (quoth he) it is in such a case
How to begin, then know how to have donne.
For everie gift, and everie goodly meed,
Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day;
And everie day, in which she did a deed,
Demaunds a yeare it duly to display.
Her words were like a streame of honny fleeting,
The which doth softly trickle from the hive:
Hable to melt the hearers heart unweeting,
And eke to make the dead againe alive.

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Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes, 600
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine;
Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely Wine.
Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sun,
Forth looking through the windowes of the East,
When first the fleecie cattell have begun
Upon the perled grasse to make their feast.
Her thoughts are like the fume of Franckincence,
Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise,
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence
In rolling globes up to the vauted skies.
There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation,
Emongst the seats of Angels heavenly wrought,
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion."

"*Colin*, (said *Cuddy* then) thou hast forgot
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:
Such loftie flight base shepheard seemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie."

"True, (answered he) but her great excellence,
Lifts me above the measure of my might;
That, being fild with furious insolence,
I feele my selfe like one yrapt in spright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth:
And, when I speake of her what I have thought,
I cannot thinke according to her worth.
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together;
And, when as death these vitall bands shall breake,
Her name recorded I will leave for ever.
Her name in every tree I will endosse,
That, as the trees do grow, her name may grow:
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
The speaking woods, and murmuring waters fall,
Her name Ile teach in knowen termes to frame:

And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call, 638
Ile teach to call for *Cynthia* by name.
And, long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongst the shepheards daughters dancing rownd,
My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who so ye be, that shall survive,
When as ye heare her memory renewed,
Be witnesse of her bountie here alive,
Which she to *Colin* her poore shepheard shewed."
Much was the whole assembly of those heards
Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake:
And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
Till *Thestylis* at last their silence brake,
Saying; "Why *Colin*, since thou foundst such grace
With *Cynthia* and all her noble crew;
Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,
In which such wealth might unto thee accrew;
And back returnedst to this barrein soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with toyle?
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell."
"Happie indeed (said *Colin*) I him hold,
That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
Of fortune and of envy uncomptrold,
Which still are wont most happie states t' annoy:
But I, by that which little while I prooved,
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in Court continually hooved,
And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment;
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then, having learnd repentance late, to mourne
Emongst those wretches which I there descryde."

" Shepheard, (said *Thestylis*) it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enviest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spie."
" Cause have I none (quoth he) of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demeand so well:
But selfe-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell
And eke to warne yong shepheards wandring wit,
Which, through report of that lives painted blisse,
Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
And leave their lambes to losse misled amisse.
For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice, and with strife,
To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by slaundring his well deemed name,
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie;
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecie;
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,
A filed toung furnisht with tearmes of art,
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.
For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines:
And there professours find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaines.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unlesse, to please, it selfe it can applie;
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie.
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
As Harts by hornes, or Asses by their eares:
Yet Asses been not all whose eares exceed,

Nor yet all Harts that hornes the highest beares. 714
For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts:
But are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
Even such is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away:
Such is their glorie that in simple eie
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
So they themselves for praise of fooles do sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
And purchace highest rowmes in bowre and hall:
Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie
Do wander up and downe despys'd of all;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call."

"Ah! *Colin*, (then said *Hobbinol*) the blame
Which thou imputest, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there,
To wait on *Lobbin*, (*Lobbin* well thou knewest,)
Full many worthie ones then waiting were,
As ever else in Princes Court thou vewest.
Of which, among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse:
Those that poore Sutors papers do retaine,
And those that skill of medicine professe,
And those that do to *Cynthia* expound
The ledden of straunge languages in charge:
For *Cynthia* doth in sciences abound,
And gives to their professors stipends large.
Therefore unjustly thou doest wyte them all,
For that which thou mislikedst in a few."

"Blame is (quoth he) more blamelesse generall,
Then that which private errours doth pursew;
For well I wot, that there amongst them bee

Full many persons of right worthie parts, 752
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faultie bee;
For all the rest do most-what far amis,
And yet their owne misfaring will not see:
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envie that their galls do swell,
Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
Or drownded lie in pleasures wastefull well,
In which like Moldwarps nousling still they lurke,
Unmindfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse;
And do themselves, for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of laesie Love professe,
Whose service high so basely they ensew,
That *Cupid* selfe of them ashamed is,
And, mustring all his men in *Venus* vew,
Denies them quite for servitors of his."
"And is Love then (said *Corylas*) once knowne
In Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
I weened sure he was our God alone,
And only woond in fields and forests here:"
"Not so, (quoth he) Love most aboundeth there.
For all the walls and windows there are writ,
All full of love, and love, and love my deare,
And all their talke and studie is of it.
Ne any there doth brave or valiant seeme,
Unlesse that some gay Mistresse badge he beares:
Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
Unlesse he swim in love up to the eares.
But they of Love, and of his sacred lere,
(As it should be) all otherwise devise,
Then we poore shepheards are accustomd here,
And him do sue and serve all otherwise.
For with lewd speeches, and licentious deeds,
His mightie mysteries they do prophane,
And use his ydle name to other needs,

But as a complement for courting vaine.
So him they do not serve as they professe,
But make him serve to them for sordid uses:
Ah! my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts possesse,
Avenge thyselfe on them for their abuses.
But we poore shepheards whether rightly so,
Or through our rudenesse into errour led,
Do make religion how we rashly go
To serve that God, that is so greatly dred;
For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
Borne without Syre or couples of one kynd;
For *Venus* selfe doth soly couples seeme,
Both male and female through commixture joynd:
So pure and spotlesse *Cupid* forth she brought,
And in the Gardens of *Adonis* nurst:
Where growing he his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the Gods the first.
Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That *Iove* himselfe his powre began to dread,
And, taking up to heaven, him godded new.
From thence he shootes his arrowes every where
Into the world, at randon as he will,
On us fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
Like as himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.
So we him worship, so we him adore
With humble hearts to heaven uplifted hie,
That to true loves he may us evermore
Preferre, and of their grace us dignifie:
Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards swaine,
What ever feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine
Blaspheme his powre, or termes unworthie yield."
"Shepheard, it seemes that some celestiall rage
Of love (quoth *Cuddy*) is breath'd into thy brest,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art possest.
But never wist I till this present day,

That he was such an one, as thou doest say, 829
And so religiously to be esteemed.
Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,
That of that God the Priest thou shouldest bee:
So well thou wot'st the mysterie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see."
" Of Loves perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed (said *Colin*) passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t' expresse his powre divine.
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in *Venus* bosome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from attone,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be ever drawne together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th' heavie downe to peize; the hungry t' eat,
And voydnesse to seeke full satietie.
So, being former foes, they wexed friends,
And gan by litle learne to love each other:
So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan heaven out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day:
Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drownd alway:
And, shortly after, everie living wight
Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie nature.
Soone as on them the Suns life-giving light
Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
And like himselfe desire for to beget:
The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Dove
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet;

But man, that had the sparke of reasons might 867
More then the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation:
For Beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kynd;
Beautie, the burning lamp of heavens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mynd:
Against whose powre, nor God nor man can fynd
Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound;
But, being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.
Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
With praiers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares; and, when he list shew grace,
Does graunt them grace that otherwise would die.
So Love is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules their creatures by his powrfull saw:
All being made the vassalls of his might,
Through secret sence which therto doth them draw.
Thus ought all lovers of their Lord to deeme;
And with chaste heart to honor him alway:
But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of disloyall lust:
Ne mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
But as Exuls out of his court be thrust."
So having said, *Melissa* spake at will;
"*Colin*, thou now full deeply hast divynd
Of Love and Beautie; and, with wondrous skill,
Hast *Cupid* selfe depainted in his kynd.
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
That doest their cause so mightily defend:
But most, all wemen are thy debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much commend."
"That ill (said *Hobbinol*) they him requite,
For having loved ever one most deare:

He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare."
" Indeed (said *Lucid*) I have often heard
Faire *Rosalind* of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard;
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire Mdyd
To use him so that loved her so well;
Or who with blame can justly her upbrayd,
For loving not? for who can love compell?
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyten creatures so divine;
For demigods they be and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailnesse feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one, that fairest *Helene* did revile,
Through judgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise.
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of *Rosalind* ye raise."
" Ah! shepheards, (then said *Colin*) ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye never saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which emongst you bee,
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie:
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe have place,
And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not love:
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit above.

Such grace shall be some guerdon for the griefe,
And long affliction which I have endured:
Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe,
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow Shepheards, which do see
And hear the languours of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophe of her great conquest."—
So, having ended, he from ground did rise;
And after him uprose eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD, THE EARLE OF LEICESTER, LATE DECEASED. 1591.

WRONG'D, yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Unto your selfe that onely privie are.
But if that any *Œdipus* unware
Shall chaunce, through power of some divining spright,
To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,
And know the purporte of my evill plight;
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to glose upon the text:
For griefe enough it is to grieved wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what so by my selfe may not be showen,
May by this *Gnatts* complaint be easily knowen.

VIRGILS GNAT.

WE now have playde, *Augustus*, wantonly, 1
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
And, like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Have onely playde: Let thus much then excuse
This *Gnats* small Poëme, that th' whole historie
Is but a jest, though envie it abuse:
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme then this *Gnats* idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure 2
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit Poesie:
The golden ofspring of *Latona* pure,
And ornament of great *Joves* progenie,
Phœbus shall be the Author of my song,
Playing on Ivorie harp with silver strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood 3
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beside
Faire *Xanthus* sprincled with *Chimæras* blood;
Or in the woods of *Astery* abide;
Or whereas mount *Parnasse*, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forhead like two hornes divide,
And the sweete waves of sounding *Castaly*
With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glorie bee 4
Of the *Pierian* streames, fayre *Naiades*,
Go too; and, dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that God: And thou holie *Pales*,
To whome the honest care of husbandrie

Returneth by continuall successe,
Have care for to pursue his footing light [dight.
Through the wide woods, and groves, with green leaves

Professing thee I lifted am aloft 5
Betwixt the forrest wide and starrie sky:
And thou, most dread *Octavius*, which oft
To learned wits giv'st courage worthily,
O come, thou sacred childe, come sliding soft,
And favour my beginnings graciously:
For not these leaves do sing that dreadfull stound,
When Giants bloud did staine *Phlegræan* ground.

Nor how th' halfe horsy people *Centaures* hight, 6
Fought with the bloudie *Lapithaes* at bord;
Nor how the East with tyranous despight
Burnt th' *Attick* towres, and people slew with sword;
Nor how mount *Athos* through exceeding might
Was digged downe; nor yron bands abord
The *Pontick* sea by their huge Navy cast;
My volume shall renowne, so long since past.

Nor *Hellespont* trampled with horses feete, 7
When flocking *Persians* did the *Greeks* affray:
But my soft Muse, as for her power more meete,
Delights (with *Phœbus* friendly leave) to play
An easie running verse with tender feete.
And thou, dread sacred child, to thee alway
Let everlasting lightsome glory strive,
Through the worlds endles ages to survive.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee 8
Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest;
And let long lasting life with joyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deservest best,
Hereafter many yeares remembred be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft art blest;
Live thou for ever in all happinesse!
But let us turne to our first businesse.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight 9
Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
Out of his golden Charet glistering light;
And fayre *Aurora*, with her rosie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight;
When as the shepheard, seeing day appeare,
His little Goats gan drive out of their stalls,
To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went, 10
Where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills:
They now amongst the woods and thickets ment,
Now in the valleies wandring at their wills,
Spread themselves farre abroad through each descent;
Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fills;
Some, clambring through the hollow cliffes on hy,
Nibble the bushie shrubs which growe thereby.

Others the utmost boughs of trees doe crop, 11
And brouze the woodbine twigges that freshly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
Of some soft Willow, or new growen stud;
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another high doth overlooke
Her owne like image in a christall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards have, 12
Who so loathes not too much the poore estate,
With minde that ill use doth before deprave,
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward brave!
No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie mindes of covetous men,
Do ever creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes, 13
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye;
Ne glistering of golde which underlayes,

The Summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye;
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by;
Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery
Of *Bætus* or of *Alcons* vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee, 14
Which are from Indian Seas brought far away:
But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
In sweete Spring time, when flowres varietie
With sundrie colours paints the sprinckled lay;
There, lying all at ease from guile or spight,
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight, 15
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milk-dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitefull *Pales*, and the forrest greene,
And darkesome caves in pleasaunt vallies pight,
Wheras continuall shade is to be seene,
And where fresh springing wells, as christall neate,
Do alwayes flow, to quench his thirstie heate.

O! who can lead then a more happie life 16
Than he, that with cleane minde, and heart sincere,
No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare;
Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
Or may abound in riches above measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe, 17
And not with skill of craftsman polished:
He joyes in groves, and makes himselfe full blythe
With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered;
Ne frankincens he from *Panchæa* buyth:
Sweete Quiet harbours in his harmeles head,

And perfect Pleasure buildes her joyous bowre,
Free from sad cares, that rich mens hearts devowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indevour, 18
To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiets matchles treasour.
Content with any food that God doth send:
And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leisour,
Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend,
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

O Flocks, O Faunes, and O ye pleasaunt Springs 19
Of *Tempe*, where the countrey Nymphs are rife,
Through whose not costly care each shepheard sings
As merrie notes upon his rusticke fife,
As that *Ascræan* Bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as joyfull life;
Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights whilst thus his carelesse time 20
This Shepheard drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime;
Hyperion, throwing foorth his beames full hott,
Into the highest top of heaven gan clime,
And, the world parting by an equall lott,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great Ocean doth himselfe divide.

Then gan the Shepheard gather into one 21
His stragling Goates, and drave them to a foord,
Whose cærule streame, rombling in Pible stone,
Crept under mosse as greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heaven overgone,
When he his heard back from that water foord
Drave, from the force of *Phœbus* boyling ray,
Into thick shadowes, there themselves to lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood 22
(O *Delian* Goddesse) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old *Cadmus* brood,
Cruell *Agavè* flying vengeance sore
Of king *Nictileus* for the guiltie blood,
Which she with cursed hands had shed before;
There she halfe frantick, having slaine her sonne,
Did shrowd her selfe like punishment to shonne.

Here also playing on the grassy greene, 23
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dauncing seene.
Not so much did Dan *Orpheus* represse
The streames of *Hebrus* with his songs, I weene,
As that faire troupe of woodie Goddesses
Staied thee, O *Peneus*, powring foorth to thee,
From cheereful lookes, great mirth and gladsome glee.

The verie nature of the place, resounding 24
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepayre,
To rest their limbs with wearines redounding.
For first the high Palme-trees, with braunches faire,
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
And high shoote up their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew, 25
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
Ulysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes new,
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay;
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew
The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the rash decay
Of *Phaëton*, whose limbs with lightening rent
They gathering up, with sweete teares did lament.

And that same tree, in which *Demophoon*, 26
By his disloyalty lamented sore,
Eternall hurte left unto many one:

Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to such an one:
The Oke, whose Acornes were our foode, before
That *Ceres* seede of mortall men were knowne,
Which first *Triptoleme* taught how to be sowne.

Here also grew the rougher-rinded Pine, 27
The great Argoan ships brave ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heavenly signe;
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres divine,
Decks all the forrest with embellishment;
And the blacke Holme that loves the watrie vale;
And the sweete Cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest the clambring Yvie grew, 28
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Least that the Poplar happely should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top survew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet unmindfull of her olde reproach.

But the small Birds, in their wide boughs embowring, 29
Chaunted their sundrie tunes with sweete consent;
And under them a silver Spring, forth powring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their jarring voyces bent;
And shrill grashoppers chirped them around:
All which the ayrie Echo did resound.

In this so pleasant place the Shepheards flocke 30
Lay everie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On everie bush, and everie hollow rocke,
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best;
The whiles the Shepheard self, tending his stocke,
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,

Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him
Displaid on ground, and seized everie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep, 31
But, looslie on the grassie greene dispredd,
His dearest life did trust to careles sleep;
Which, weighing down his drouping drowsie hedd,
In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
Devoid of care, and feare of all falshedd:
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischance his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time in that same place 32
An huge great Serpent, all with speckles pide,
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heate himselfe to hide:
He, passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandisht tongue the emptie aire did gride,
And wrapt his scalie boughts with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

Now, more and more having himselfe enrolde, 33
His glittering breast he lifteth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde;
His creste above, spotted with purple die,
On everie side did shine like scalie golde;
And his bright eyes, glauncing full dreadfullie,
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace 34
There round about, when as at last he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine and most trustie guide:
Eftsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his firie eyes on everie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full stearnly rends, that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines, that anie one should dare 35
To come unto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent;
Fellie he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his jawes with angrie spirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained,
And all his foldes are now in length outstrained.

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent, 36
A litle noursling of the humid ayre,
A *Gnat*, unto the sleepie Shepheard went;
And, marking where his ey-lids twinckling rare
Shewd the two pearles, which sight unto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing fayre,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upstart, 37
And with his hand him rashly bruzing slewe
As in avengement of his heedles smart,
That streight the spirite out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When, suddenly casting aside his vew,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

All suddenly dismaid, and hartles quight, 38
He fled abacke, and, catching hastie holde
Of a yong Alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and streight about him gan beholde
What God or Fortune would assist his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
Its hard to read: yet hardie will he had
To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie backe of that most hideous Snake 39
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake

Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre ;
And, for he was but slowe, did slowth off shake
And gazing ghastly on ; (for feare and yre
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feard ;)
Yet, when he saw him slaine, himselfe he cheard.

By this the Night forth from the darksome bowre
Of *Herebus* her teemed steedes gan call,
And laesie *Vesper* in his timely howre
From golden *Oeta* gan proceede withall;
Whenas the Shepheard after this sharpe stowre,
Seing the doubled shadowes low to fall,
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,
And unto rest his wearie joynts prepare.

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
Was entered, and, now loosing everie lim,
Sweete slumbring deaw in carelesnesse did steepe;
The Image of that *Gnat* appeard to him,
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
With greislie countenaunce and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In steed of good hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, " What have I wretch deserv'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am outcast,
Whilest that thy life more deare and precious
Was than mine owne, so long as it did last ?
I now, in lieu of paines so gracious,
Am tost in th' ayre with everie windie blast:
Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
Thy careles limbs in loose sleep dost display.

" So livest thou ; but my poore wretched ghost
Is forst to ferrie over *Lethes* River,
And spoyld of *Charon* too and fro am tost.
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on everie post ?
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver

Her flaming fiër-brond, encountring me,
Whose lockes uncombed cruell Adders be.

"And *Cerberus*, whose many mouthes doo bay 44
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whose necke, in terrible array,
Ten thousand Snakes cralling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo glister firie red;
He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten
With painfull torments to be sorely beaten.

"Ay me! that thankes so much should faile of meed; 45
For that I thee restor'd to life againe,
Even from the doore of death and deadlie dreed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of Pitie vanisht is in vaine,
And th' antique faith of Justice long agone
Out of the Land is fled away and gone.

"I saw anothers fate approaching fast, 46
And left mine owne his safëtie to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shun'd destruction doth destruction render:
Not unto him that never hath trespást,
But punishment is due to the offender.
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

"I carried him into waste wildernesse, 47
Waste wildernes, amongst *Cymerian* shades,
Where endles paines and hideous heavinesse
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.
For there huge *Othos* sits in sad distresse,
Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades;
Far off beholding *Ephialtes* tide,
Which once assai'd to burne this world so wide.

" And there is mournfull *Tityus*, mindefull yet 48
Of thy displeasure, O *Latona* faire;
Displeasure too implacable was it,
That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre:
Much do I feare among such fiends to sit;
Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
To the black shadowes of the *Stygian* shore,
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing evermore.

" There next the utmost brinck doth he abide, 49
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being dride,
His sense to seeke for ease turnes every way:
And he, that in avengement of his pride
For scorning to the sacred Gods to pray,
Against a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, and can have none.

" Go ye with them, go, cursed Damosells, 50
Whose bridale torches foule *Erynnis* tynde;
And *Hymen*, at your spousalls sad, foretells
Tydings of death and massacre unkinde:
With them that cruell *Colchid* mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her revengefull minde
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to slay,
And murdred troupes upon great heapes to lay.

" There also those two *Pandionian* maides, 51
Calling on *Itis*, *Itis* evermore,
Whom, wretched boy, they slew with guiltie blades;
For whome the *Thracian* king lamenting sore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowlie them upbraydes,
And fluttering round about them still does sore;
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

" But the two brethren borne of *Cadmus* blood, 52
Whilst each does for the Soveraignty contend,

Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth against the others bodie bend
His cursed steele, of neither well withstood,
And with wide wounds their carcases doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine.

" Ah (waladay!) there is no end of paine, 53
Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
Where other Powers farre different I see,
And must passe over to th' *Elisian* Plaine:
There grim *Persephone*, encountring mee,
Doth urge her fellow Furies earnestlie
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

"There chast *Alceste* lives inviolate, 54
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate;
Lo! there lives also the immortall praise
Of womankinde, most faithfull to her mate,
Penelope; and from her farre awayes
A rulesse route of yongmen, which her wood,
All slaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

"And sad *Eurydice* thence now no more 55
Must turne to life, but there detained bee
For looking back, being forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, *Orpheus*, in thee!
Bold sure he was, and worthie spirite bore,
That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
And could beleeve that anie thing could please
Fell *Cerberus*, or *Stygian* powres appease.

"Ne feard the burning waves of *Phlegeton*, 56
Nor those same mournefull kingdomes, compassed
With rustie horrour and fowle fashion;
And deep digd vawtes; and Tartar covered
With bloodie night, and darke confusion;

And judgement seates, whose Judge is deadlie dred,
A Judge, that after death doth punish sore
The faults, which life hath trespassed before.

" But valiant fortune made *Dan Orpheus* bolde: 57
For the swift running rivers still did stand,
And the wilde beasts their furie did withhold,
To follow *Orpheus* musicke through the land:
And th' Okes, deep grounded in the earthly molde,
Did move, as if they could him understand;
And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereav'd,
Through their hard barke his silver sound receav'd.

" And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did stay, 58
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie;
And didst, O monthly Virgin, thou delay
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?
The same was able with like lovely lay
The Queene of hell to move as easily,
To yeeld *Eurydice* unto her fere
Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were.

" She (Ladie) having well before approoved 59
The feends to be too cruell and severe,
Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behooved,
Ne ever did her eysight turne arere,
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mooved;
But, cruell *Orpheus*, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kisse her, brok'st the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'st her ever damn'd to be.

" Ah! but sweete love of pardon worthie is, 60
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted;
If Hell at least things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted;
Yet are ye both received into blis,
And to the seates of happie soules admitted:
And you, beside the honourable band
Of great Heroës, doo in order stand.

" There be the two stout sonnes of *Æacus*, 61
Fierce *Peleus*, and the hardie *Telamon*,
Both seeming now full glad and joyeous
Through their Syres dreadfull jurisdiction,
Being the Judge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them, by strange occasion,
Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
Through *Venus* grace, and vertues cariage.

" For th' one was ravisht of his owne bondmaide 62
The faire *Ixione* captiv'd from *Troy;*
But th' other was with *Thetis* love assaid,
Great *Nereus* his daughter and his joy.
On this side them there is a yongman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy;
That from th' Argolick ships, with furious yre,
Bett back the furie of the *Trojan* fyre.

" O! who would not recount the strong divorces 63
Of that great warre, which *Trojanes* oft behelde,
And oft beheld the warlike *Greekish* forces,
When *Teucrian* soyle with bloodie rivers swelde,
And wide *Sigæan* shores were spred with corses,
And *Simois* and *Xanthus* blood outwelde;
Whilst *Hector* raged, with outragious minde,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in *Greeks* fleete to have tynde.

" For *Ida* selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight, 64
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies;
And, like a kindly nourse, did yeeld (for spight)
Store of firebronds out of her nourseries
Unto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the Navie of their enemies,
And all the *Rhétæan* shore to ashes turne,
Where lay the ships, which they did seeke to burne.

" Gainst which the noble sonne of *Telamon* 65
Oppos'd himselfe, and, thwarting his huge shield,
Them battell bad, gainst whom appeard anon

Hector, the glorie of the *Trojan* field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mightie strokes so shrild,
As the great clap of thunder, which doth ryve
The ratling heavens, and cloudes asunder dryve.

" So th' one with fire and weapons did contend 66
To cut the ships from turning home againe
To *Argos;* th' other strove for to defend
The force of *Vulcane* with his might and maine.
Thus th' one *Æacide* did his fame extend:
But th' other joy'd, that, on the *Phrygian* playne
Having the blood of vanquisht *Hector* shedd,
He compast *Troy* thrice with his bodie dedd.

" Againe great dole on either partie grewe, 67
That him to death unfaithfull *Paris* sent;
And also him that false *Ulysses* slewe,
Drawne into danger through close ambushment;
Therefore from him *Laërtes* sonne his vewe
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good event
In working of *Strymonian Rhæsus* fall,
And efte in *Dolons* subtile súrprysall.

" Againe the dreadfull *Cycones* him dismay, 68
And blacke *Læstrigones*, a people stout:
Then greedie *Scilla*, under whom there bay
Manie great bandogs, which her gird about;
Then doo the *Ætnean* Cyclops him affray,
And deep *Charybdis* gulphing in and out:
Lastly the squalid lakes of *Tartarie*,
And griesly feends of hell him terrifie.

" There also goodly *Agamemnon* bosts, 69
The glorie of the stock of *Tantalus*,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts;
Under whose conduct most victorious,
The *Dorick* flames consum'd the *Iliack* posts.
Ah! but the *Greekes* themselves, more dolorous,

To thee, O *Troy*, paid penaunce for thy fall;
In th' *Hellespont* being nigh drowned all.

" Well may appeare by proofe of their mischaunce, 70
The chaungfull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none, whom fortune freely doth advaunce,
Himselfe therefore to heaven should elevate:
For loftie type of honour, through the glaunce
Of envies dart, is downe in dust prostrate;
And all, that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

" Th' *Argolicke* Power returning home againe, 71
Enricht with spoyles of th' *Ericthonian* towre,
Did happie winde and weather entertaine,
And with good speed the fomie billowes scowre:
No signe of storme, no feare of future paine,
Which soone ensued them with heavie stowre.
Nereïs to the Seas a token gave,
The whiles their crooked keeles the surges clave.

" Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree, 72
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,
The heavens on everie side enclowded bee:
Black stormes and fogs are blowen up from farre,
That now the Pylote can no loadstarre see,
But skies and seas doo make most dreadfull warre;
The billowes striving to the heavens to reach,
And th' heavens striving them for to impeach.

" And, in avengement of their bold attempt, 73
Both sun and starres and all the heavenly powres
Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,
And downe on them to fall from highest towres:
The skie, in pieces seeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, and haile, and harmful showres,
That death on everie side to them appeares,
In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly feares.

" Some in the greedie flouds are sunke and drent; 74
Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are throwne;
Some on th' *Euboick* Cliffs in pieces rent;
Some scattred on the *Hercæan* shores unknowne;
And manie lost, of whom no moniment
Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne:
Whilst all the purchase of the *Phrigian* pray,
Tost on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

" Here manie other like Heroës bee, 75
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see,
Descended all from *Rome* by linage due;
From *Rome*, that holds the world in sovereigntie,
And doth all Nations unto her subdue:
Here *Fabii* and *Decii* doo dwell,
Horatii that in vertue did excell.

" And here the antique fame of stout *Camill* 76
Doth ever live; and constant *Curtius*,
Who, stifly bent his vowed life to spill
For Countreyes health, a gulph most hideous
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
T' appease the Powers; and prudent *Mutius*,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by' ensample of the same.

" And here wise *Curius*, companion 77
Of noble vertues, lives in endles rest;
And stout *Flaminius*, whose devotion
Taught him the fires scorn'd furie to detest;
And here the praise of either *Scipion*
Abides in highest place above the best,
To whom the ruin'd walls of *Carthage* vow'd;
Trembling, their forces sound their praises lowd.

" Live they for ever through their lasting praise! 78
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the sad lakes that *Phœbus* sunnie rayes

Doo never see, where soules doo alwaies mourne;
And by the wayling shores to waste my dayes,
Where *Phlegeton* with quenchles flames doth burne;
By which just *Minos* righteous soules doth sever
From wicked ones, to live in blisse for ever.

" Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell 79
Girt with long snakes, and thousand yron chaynes,
Through doome of that their cruell Judge, compell
With bitter torture, and impatient paines,
Cause of my death and just complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complaines
To be the Author of her ill unwares,
That careles hear'st my' intollerable cares.

" Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde, 80
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plaint behinde.
But doo thou haunt the soft downe-rolling river,
And wilde greene woods and fruitful pastures minde;
And let the flitting aire my vaine words sever."—
Thus having said, he heavily departed
With piteous crie, that anie would have smarted.

Now, when the sloathfull fit of lifes sweete rest 81
Had left the heavie Shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieved minde full sore opprest;
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares
For that *Gnats* death, which deeply was imprest;
But bends what ever power his aged yeares
Him lent, yet being such, as through their might
He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same River lurking under greene, 82
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place;
And, squaring it in compasse well beseene,
There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:
His yron-headed spade tho making cleene,
To dig up sods out of the flowrie grasse.

His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded up on hie, 83
Enclosing it with banks on everie side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little Mount, of greene turffs edifide,
And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the toomb he did provide
Of smoothest Marble stone in order set,
That never might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowres to growe; 84
The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die;
The Lilly fresh; and Violet belowe;
The Marigolde; and cherefull Rosemarie;
The *Spartan* Mirtle, whence sweet gumb does flowe;
The purple Hyacinthe; and fresh Costmarie;
And Saffron, sought for in *Cilician* soyle;
And Lawrell, th' ornament of *Phœbus* toyle.

Fresh *Rhododaphne;* and the *Sabine* flowre, 85
Matching the wealth of th' auncient Frankincence;
And pallid Yvie, building his owne bowre;
And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence;
Red *Amaranthus* lucklesse Paramour;
Oxeye still greene; and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale *Narcisse*, that, in a well
Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth, 86
And whatso other hearb of lovely hew,
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new;
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue.

To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved.

THE

SHEPHEARDS CALENDER:

CONTEINING TWELVE AEGLOGUES, PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHES.

ENTITLED TO THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS GENTLEMAN, MOST WORTHIE OF ALL TITLES BOTH OF LEARNING AND CHIVALRY,

MAISTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe, little Booke! thy selfe present,
As childe whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblenesse and Chevalree:
And if that Envie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine, say, did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And, when his Honour has thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-hedde.
But, if that any aske thy name,
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame;
Forthy thereof thou takest shame.
And, when thou art past jeopardee,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee.

IMMERITO.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED,

BOTH ORATOR AND POET,

MAISTER GABRIEL HARVEY,

HIS VERIE SPECIALL AND SINGULAR GOOD FRIEND E. K. COMMENDETH THE GOOD LYKING OF THIS HIS GOOD LABOUR, AND THE PATRONAGE OF THE NEW POET.

UNCOUTH, *unkist*, said the old famous Poet *Chaucer*: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in making, his scholler *Lidgate*, a worthie scholler of so excellent a master, calleth the loadstarre of our language: and whom our *Colin Clout* in his Eglogue calleth *Tityrus* the God of Shepheards, comparing him to the worthinesse of the Roman *Tityrus*, *Virgil*. Which proverb, mine owne good friend M. *Harvey*, as in that good old poet it served well *Pandares* purpose for the bolstering of his bawdie brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that hee is uncouth (as sayde *Chaucer*)is unkist, and unknowne to most men, is regarded but of a fewe. But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his woorthinesse bee sounded in the trumpe of Fame, but that hee shall bee not onely kist, but also beloved of all, imbraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse, I thinke, deserveth his wittinesse in devising, his pithinesse in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudenes, his morall wisenesse, his due observing of *Decorum* everie where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech; and generallie, in all seemely simplicitie of handling his matters, and framing his wordes: the which of many things which in him be straunge, I know will

seeme the strangest, and wordes themselves being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole period and compasse of speech so delightsom for the roundnesse, and so grave for the strangenesse. And first of the wordes to speake, I graunt they bee something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English, and also used of most excellent Authours, and most famous poets. In whom, when as this our Poet hath bin much travailed and throughly read, how could it be, (as that worthie Oratour sayde) but that walking in the Sunne, althouth for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and, having the sound of those auncient poets still ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in singing, hit out some of their tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualtie and custome, or of set purpose and choise, as thinking them fittest for such rustical rudenesse of Shepheards, either for that their rough sound would make his rimes more ragged and rusticall; or else because such old and obselete wordes are most used of Country folke, sure I thinke, and thinke I think not amisse, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, authoritie to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faults, it specially be objected of *Valla* against *Livie*, and of other against *Salust*, that with over much studie they affect antiquitie, as covering thereby credence and honour of elder yeares; yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those auncient solemne words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to set forth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravity and importance. For, if my memorie faile not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein he endevoureth to set forth the patterne of a perfect Orator, saith that oft times an ancient worde maketh the stile seeme grave, and as it were reverend, no other wise then we honor and reverence gray haires for a certaine religious regard, which we have of old age. Yet neither every where must old wordes be stuffed in, nor the common Dialect and maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that, as in olde

buildings, it seeme disorderly and ruynous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portraict not only the daintie lineaments of beautie, but also round about it to shadowe the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that, by the basenes of such parts, more excellencie may accrew to the principall: for oftentimes we find ourselves, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shew of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Even so doo those rough and harsh tearmes enlumine, and make more clearly to appeare, the brightnesse of brave and glorious wordes. So oftentimes a discorde in musike maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthie poet *Alceus* to behold a blemish in the joynt of a well shaped bodie. But, if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choise of olde and unwonted wordes, him may I more justly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in judging, or of heedles hardinesse in condemning: for, not marking the compasse of his bent, he will judge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one especiall praise of many, which are due to this Poet, that he hath labored to restore, as to their rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English wordes, as have beene long time out of use, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the only cause, that our mother tongue, which truly of itself is both full inough for prose, and stately inough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. Which default when as some endeavoured to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with peeces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latin; not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours: So now they have made our English tong a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other speeches. Other some not so well seene in the English tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an olde word, albeit very natural and significant, cry out straightway, that we speake no English, but gibberish, or rather such as in olde time *Evanders* mother spake:

whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tongue, to bee counted strangers and aliens. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they understand not, they streightway deeme to be senselesse, and not at all to be understoode. Much like to the Mole in *Aesops* fable, that, being blind herself, would in no wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last, more shamefull then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, which togither with their Nurses milke they sucked, they have so base regard & bastard judgement, that they wil not only themselves not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that himselfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungrie bullock, that so faine would feed: whose currish kinde, though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refraine from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the joynts and members thereof, & for all the compasse of the speech, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnesse, such in deede as may be perceyved of the least, understood of the most, but judged onely of the learned. For what in most English writers useth to be loose, and as it were unright, in this Authour is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed up togither. In regarde whereof, I scorne and spew out the rakehelly rout of our ragged rymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without judgement jangle, without reason rage and fome, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly ravished them above the meannesse of common capacitie. And being, in the midst of all their braverie, suddenly, either for want of matter, or rime; or having forgotten their former conceit; they seem to be so pained and travailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came upon her. "*Os rabidum fera corda domans*, &c."

Nethlesse, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly,

so they seeke not to darken the beams of others glorie. As for *Colin*, under whose person the Authors selfe is shadowed, how farre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shewes, both himselfe sheweth, where he sayth:

"Of Muses *Hobbin*, I conne no skill."

And,

"Enough is me to paint out my unrest," &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein it seemeth he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly then, professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather in Æglogues then otherwise to write, doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed, or minding to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth; or following the example of the best and most ancient poets, which devised this kinde of writing, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the maner, at the first to trie their habilities; and as yong birdes, that bee newly crept out of the nest, by little first prove their tender winges, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceyve hee was alreadie full fledged. So flewe *Virgil*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew *Mantuane*, as not being ful somd. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*. So *Marot*, *Sanazarius*, and also diverse other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this Author everie where foloweth: yet so as few, but they be well sented, can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new Poet as a birde whose principals be scarce growne out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best. Now, as touching the general drift and purpose of his Æglogues, I mind not to say much, himself laboring to conceal it. Only this appeareth, that his unstayed youth had long wandred in the common Labirinth of Love, in which time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or else to warne (as he saith) the yong shepheards, his equals and companions, of his unfortunate folly, hee com-

piled these twelve Aeglogues, which, for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelve Moneths, he tearmeth it the *Shepheards Calender*, applying an olde name to a new work. Hereunto have I added a certaine Glosse, or scholion,* for the exposition of olde wordes and harder phrases; which maner of glossing and commenting, well I wote, will seeme strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knewe many excellent and proper devises, both in wordes and matter, would passe in the speedie course of reading either as unknowne, or as not marked; and that in this kinde, as in other, we might be equal to the learned of other nations; I thought good to take the paines upon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made privie to his counsaile and secret meaning in them, as also in sundrie other works of his. Which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his friendship, himselfe being for long time farre estraunged; hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put foorth diverse other excellent works of his, which sleep in silence; as his *Dreams*, his *Legends*, his *Court of Cupid*, and sundrie others, whose commendation to set out were verie vaine, the things though worthie of many, yet beeing knowne to fewe. These my present paines, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you judge, mine owne maister *Harvey*, to whom I have both in respect of your worthines generally, and otherwise upon some particular and speciall considerations, vowed this my labour, and the maidenheade of this our common friends poetrie; himselfe having alreadie in the beginning dedicated it to the noble and worthie Gentleman, the right worshipfull maister *Philip Sidney*, a speciall favourer and maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, sir, if envie shall stirre up any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mightie Rhetoricke and other your rath gifts of learning, as you can, and

* This is incorporated in the General Glossary.

shield with your good will, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know will bee set on fire with the sparkes of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the Authour unto you, as unto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe unto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good and so choise friends, I bid you both most hartily fare well, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuition of the Greatest.

Your owne assuredly to be commaunded,

E. K.

Post scr.

Now I trust, M. *Harvey*, that upon sight of your speciall friends and fellow poets doings, or else for envie of so many unworthy Quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you wil be perswaded to plucke out of the hatefull darknes those so many excellent English poems of yours which lie hid, and bring them forth to eternal light. Trust me, you do both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sun; and also your selfe, in smothering your deserved praises; and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures, which they might conceyve of your gallant English verses, as they have alreadie done of your Latin poems, which, in my opinion, both for invention and elocution are verie delicate and super-excellent. And thus againe I take my leave of my good M. *Harvey*. From my lodging at London this tenth of Aprill, 1579.

THE GENERALL ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOKE.

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first originall of Aeglogues, having alreadie touched the same. But, for the worde Aeglogues I know is unknowen to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned, (as they thinke,) I will say somewhat thereof, beeing not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Aeglogai*, as it were *Aegon*, or *Aeginomon logi*, that is, Goteheardes tales. For although in *Virgil* and others the speakers be more Shepheards then Goatheards, yet *Theocritus*, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in *Virgil*, This specially from That deriving, as from the first heade and wellspring, the whole invention of these Aeglogues, maketh Goateheards the persons and Authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossnesse of such as by colour of learning would make us beleeve, that they are more rightly tearmed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinarie discourses of unnecessarie matter: which definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the *Analysis* and interpretation of the worde. For they be not tearmed *Eclogues*, but *Aeglogues;* which sentence this Authour verie well observing, upon good judgement, though indeede fewe Goatheards have to doe herein, nevertheless doubteth not to call them by the used and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These twelve Aeglogues, every where aunswering to the seasons of the twelve Moneths, may be well divided into three formes or rankes. For either they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixt, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or Recreative, such as all those bee, which containe matter of love, or commendation of speciall personages; or Morall, which for the most part be mixed with some Satyricall bitternesse; namely, the second, of reverence due to olde age; the fift, of coloured deceyte; the seventh and ninth, of dissolute Shepheards and Pastors; the tenth, of contempt of Poetrie and pleasant Wittes. And to this division may everie thing herein bee reasonably applyed; a few onelie except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not privie to. And thus much generally of these twelve Aeglogues. Now will we speake particularlie of all, and first of the first, which hee calleth by the first Monethes name, Januarie: wherein to some hee may seeme fouly to have faulted, in that he erroniously beginneth with that Moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is well knowne, and stoutlie maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March; for then the sunne renueth his finished course, and the seasonable Spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasaunce thereof, being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now worne away, reliveth.

This opinion maintaine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely, the reverend *Andalo*, and *Macrobius* in his Holy Dayes of *Saturne*; which account also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned heades, wee maintaine a custome of counting the seasons from the Moneth Januarie, uppon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers ever could conceyve, that is, for the Incarnation of our mightie Saviour, and eternall Redeemer the Lorde Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed Worlde, and returning the compasse of expyred yeares to theyr former date and first commencement, left to us his Heyres a memoriall of his byrth in the end of

the last yeare and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall Monument of our salvation, leaneth also upon good proofe of speciall judgement.

For albeeit that in elder tymes, when as yet the count of the yeare was not perfected, as afterward it was by *Julius Cæsar*, they began to tell the Monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayde in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Jewes, to count the Moneth *Abib*, that which wee call March, for the first Moneth, in remembraunce that in that Moneth hee brought them out of the Lande of Aegypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath been otherwise observed, both in government of the Church and rule of mightiest Realmes. For from *Julius Cæsar* who first observed the leape yeare, which he called *Bissextilem Annum*, and brought into a more certaine course the odde wandring dayes which of the Greekes were called *Hyperbainontes*, of the Romans *Intercalares*, (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the tearmes of the learned,) the Moneths have beene numbered twelve, which in the first ordinance of *Romulus* were but ten, counting but 304 dayes in everie yeare, and beginning with March. But *Numa Pompilius*, who was the father of al the Romane Ceremonies and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sunne nor the Moone, thereunto added two Moneths, Januarie and Februarie; wherin it seemeth, that wise king minded upon good reason to begin the yeare at Januarie, of him therefore so called *tanquam Janua anni*, the gate and enteraunce of the yeare; or of the name of the god *Janus*, to which god for that the olde Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the world, it seemeth that he *therefore* to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued: Notwithstanding that the Egyptians beginne their yeare at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best Rabbines and verie purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the worlde in

that Moneth, that is called of them *Tisri*. And therefore he commanded them to keepe the feast of Pavilions in the ende of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seventh Moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part, nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common understanding, to begin with Januarie; weening it perhaps no *decorum* that Shepheards should be seene in matter of so deep insight, or canvase a case of so doubtful judgement. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

JANUARIE.

AEGLOGA PRIMA.

ARGUMENT.

In this first Aeglogue *Colin Clout*, a Shepheards Boy, complaineth himselfe of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured of a Country Lasse called *Rosalinde:* with which strong affection being verie sore travelled, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPHEARDS Boy, (no better doe him call,)
When Winters wastfull spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent:
So faint they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now unnethes their feete could them uphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May seeme he lovd, or else some care hee tooke;
Well couth hee tune his Pipe and frame his stile:
Tho to a hill his fainting flocke hee ledde,
And thus him playnde, the while his sheepe there fedde.

"Yee gods of love! that pitie lovers paine,
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie,)
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
And bow your eares unto my dolefull dittie.

And, *Pan!* thou shepheards God, that once didst love,
Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst prove. 18

"Thou barraine ground, whom Winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirror to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde, with Diffadillies dight;
And now is come thy Winters stormie state,
Thy mantle mard wherein thou maskedst late.

"Such rage as Winters raigneth in my hart,
My life-bloud freesing with unkindly cold;
Such stormie stoures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeares were wast and woxen old;
And yet, alas! but now my spring begonne,
And yet, alas! it is already donne.

"You naked trees, whose shadie leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are clothd with mosse and hoarie frost,
In steede of blosomes, wherewith your buds did flowre;
I see your teares that from your boughes do raine,
Whose drops in drerie ysicles remaine.

"All so my lustfull leafe is drie and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted;
The blossome which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away and blasted;
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

"Thou feeble Flocke! whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare,
Maist witnesse well, by thy ill government,
Thy maisters mind is overcome with care:
Thou weake, I wanne; thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I; you with pyning mourne.

"A thousand sithes I curse that carefull houre
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see,

And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure
Wherein I sawe so faire a sight as shee:
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love should breed both joy and paine!

"It is not *Hobbinol* wherefore I plaine,
Albee my love hee seeke with dayly suit;
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish *Hobbinol!* thy giftes bene vaine;
Colin them gives to *Rosalind* againe.

"I love thilke Lasse (alas! why doe I love?)
And am forlorne, (alas! why am I lorne?)
She deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rural musick holdeth scorne.
Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songs that *Colin Clout* doth make.

"Wherefore, my Pype, albee rude *Pan* thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would;
And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing minde, yet canst not when thou should;
Both Pype and Muse shall sore the while abye."—
So broke his Oaten Pype, and down did lye.

By that, the welked *Phœbus* gan availe
His wearie waine; and now the frostie *Night*
Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile:
Which seene, the pensive Boy, halfe in despight,
Arose, and homeward drove his sunned sheepe,
Whose hanging heades did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

COLINS EMBLEME.

Anchora speme.

FEBRUARIE.

AEGLOGA SECUNDA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Aeglogue is rather morall and generall then bent to anie secret or particular purpose. It speciallie containeth a discourse of olde age, in the person of *Thenot*, an old shepheard, who, for his crookednesse and unlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappie heardmans boy. The matter verie well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies, there is a drie and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the weatherbeaten flesh, with stormes of Fortune and hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Brier, so livelie, and so feelinglie, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eies, more plainlie could not appeare.

CUDDIE, THENOT.

CUDDIE.

AH for pittie! will rancke Winters rage 1
These bitter blastes never gin t'asswage
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride:
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high towers in an earthquake:
They woont in the winde wagge their wriggle tayles
Perke as a Peacoke; but now it availes.

THE. Lewdly complainest, thou leasie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee sadde.
Must not the worlde wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall.

Who will not suffer the stormie time,
Where will he live till the lustie prime?
Selfe have I worne out thrise thirtie yeres,
Some in much joy, many in many teares,
Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threate,
Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke that ungently came;
And ever my flocke was my chiefe care;
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

Cud. No marveile, *Thenot*, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare;
For age and winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wrye;
And as the lowring wether lookes downe,
So seemest thou like Good Friday to frowne:
But my flouring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe unwont in stormes to be tost.

The. The Soveraigne of Seas he blames in vaine,
That, once Sea-beate, will to sea againe:
So loytring live you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes;
And, when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come attonce;
Tho ginne you, fond Flies! the cold to scorne,
And, crowing in Pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare;
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frosty furrowes,
Drerily shooting his stormie darte,
Which cruddles the bloude and pricks the harte:
Then is your carelesse courage accoyed,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoyed:
Then pay you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wailing, and miserie.

Cud. Ah! foolish old man! I scorne thy skill,
That wouldst me my springing youth to spill:

I deeme thy braine emperished bee 53
Through rustie elde, that hath rotted thee;
Or sicker thy head verie tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hath lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp;
But were thy yeres greene, as now bene mine,
To other delightes they would encline:
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of love,
And hery with hymnes thy Lasses glove;
Tho wouldest thou pype of *Phillis* praise;
But *Phillis* is mine for many dayes;
I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,
Embost with buegle about the belt:
Such an one shepheards would make full faine;
Such an one would make thee young againe.

THE. Thou art a fon, of thy love to boste;
All that is lent to love will be loste.

CUD. Seest how brag yond bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as broade as rainebow bent,
His dewelap as lythe as Lasse of Kent:
See how he venteth into the winde;
Weenest of love is not his minde?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake, so wan;
Clothed with cold, and hoarie with frost,
Thy flockes father his courage hath lost.
Thy Ewes, that woont to have blowen bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags;
The rather Lambes bene starved with cold,
All for their maister is lustlesse and old.

THE. *Cuddie*, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely to advaunce thy headlesse hood;
For youngth is a bubble blowne up with breath,
Whose witte is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose Ynne Penaunce,
And stoope gallaunt Age, the hoast of Greevaunce.

But shall I tell thee a tale of truth, 91
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hilles of Kent?
CUD. To nought more, *Thenot*, my minde is bent
Then to heare novells of his devise;
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What ever that good old man bespake.
THE. Many meete tales of youth did hee make,
And some of love, and some of chevalrie;
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while and hearken the end.
" There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaves they were disarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight;
Whilome had bene the king of the fielde,
And mochell mast to the husbande did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine:
But now the gray mosse marred his rine;
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honour decayed, his braunches sere.
Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,
Which prowdly thrust into th' element,
And seemed to threat the Firmament:
It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonted to repayre
The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,
To painte their girlonds with his colowres;
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:
Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
That on a time hee cast him to scold
And snebbe the good Oake, for hee was old.
'Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
Nor for fruit nor for shadowe serves thy stocke;

Seest how fresh my flowers bene spredde, 129
Dyed in Lilly white and Cremsin redde,
With leaves engrained in lustie greene;
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene?
Thy waste bignes but combers the ground,
And dirks the beautie of my blossomes round:
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloyeth,
My Sinamon smell too much annoyeth:
Wherefore soone I rede thee hence remove,
Least thou the price of my displeasure prove.'
So spake this bold Brere with great disdaine:
Little him aunswered the Oake againe,
But yeelded, with shame and grief adawed,
That of a weede hee was overcrawed.

It chaunced after upon a day,
The husbandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to survewe his grounde,
And his trees of state in compasse rounde:
Him when the spightefull Brere had espyed,
Causelesse complayned, and lowdly cryed
Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife:

'O my liege Lord! the God of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your suppliaunts plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Vassall daylie endure;
And, but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.'

Greatly agast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And bad the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted wordes tho gan this proude weede
(As most usen ambitious folke)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

'Ah, my Soveraigne! Lord of Creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hande,
To bee the Primrose of all thy lande;

With flowring blossomes to furnish the prime, 167
And scarlet berries in Sommer time?
Howe falls it then that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire;
Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing mee of the sweete sunnes sight?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloude springeth from woundës wide;
Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honour of your Coronall:
And oft hee lets his cancker-wormes light
Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight;
And oft his hoarie locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flowrets bene defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlyhead to asswage
The ranckorous rigour of his might;
Nought aske I, but onely to holde my right;
Submitting mee to your good sufferaunce,
And praying to be garded from greevaunce.'
To this this Oake cast him to replie
Well as hee couth; but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the goodman noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate:
His harmefull hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it so readie should stand!)
And to the fielde alone hee speedeth,
(As little help to harme there needeth!
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee;
But to the roote bent his sturdie stroake,
And made many woundes in the waste Oake.
The axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine;

Seemed, the senselesse yron did feare, 205
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare;
For it had been an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often crost with the Priestes crewe,
And often hallowed with holy-water dewe:
But sike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserie;
For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the goodman at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned under the blow,
And sighed to see his neere overthrow.
In fine, the steele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the earth hee fell forthwith.
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth shronke under him, and seemed to shake:—
There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none!

Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasaunce;
But all this glee had no continuance:
For eftsoones Winter gan to approche;
The blustring Boreas did encroche,
And beate upon the solitarie Brere;
For nowe no succour was seene him neere.
Now gan hee repent his pride too late;
For, naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe upright hee can stand no more;
And, being downe, is trod in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Brere,
For scorning Eld—"

Cud. Now I pray thee, shepheard, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So long have I listened to thy speche,
That graffed to the ground is my breche;

My heartblood is well nigh frorne I feele, 243
And my galage growne fast to my heele;
But little ease of thy lewde tale I tasted:
Hie thee home, Shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

Iddio, perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Niuno vecchio
Spaventa Iddio.

MARCH.

AEGLOGA TERTIA.

ARGUMENT.

In this Aeglogue two Shepheards Boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of love, and other pleasance which to Spring-time is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof, is, to give certaine marks and tokens, to know *Cupid* the Poets God of Love. But more particularly, I thinke, in the person of *Thomalin*, is meant some secret Friend, who scorned Love and his Knights so long, till at length himselfe was entangled, and unwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is *Cupids* arrow.

WILLYE. THOMALIN.

WILLYE.

THOMALIN, why sitten wee soe, 1
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow;
The joyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the Winter sorow.
THO. Sicker, *Willye*, thou warnest well;
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasaunt Spring appeareth:
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
The swallowe peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.
WIL. Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studde,
How bragly it begins to budde,
And utter his tender head?
Flora nowe calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie *Maias* bower,

That newe is upryst from bedd: 18
Tho shall wee sporten in delight,
And learne with *Lettice* to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce;
Tho will wee little Love awake,
That nowe sleepeth in *Lethe* lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.
THO. *Willye*, I ween thou be assot;
For lusty Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroade at his game.
WIL. Howe kenst thou, that hee is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke?
Or made privie to the same?
THO. No; but happily I him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe;
And, were not that my sheepe would stray,
The privie markes I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.
WIL. *Thomalin*, have no care for-thy;
My selfe will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine;
For, alas! at home I have a syre,
A stepdame eke, as hote as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine.
THO. Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheep for that may chaunce to swerve,
And fall into some mischiefe:
For sithens is but the third morow,
That I chaunst to fall asleepe with sorow,
And waked againe with griefe;
The while thilke same unhappie Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell.
And there unjoynted both her bones:
Mought her neck bene joynted attones,
She shoulde have neede no more spell;
Th' elfe was so wanton and so wood,

(But now I trowe can better good,) 56
She mought ne gang on the greene.
Wil. Let be, as may be, that is past;
That is to come, let be forecast:
Now tell us what thou hast seene.
Tho. It was upon a holiday,
When shepheards groomes han leave to play,
I cast to go a shooting;
Long wandring up and downe the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birdes in bushes tooting,
At length within the Yvie todde,
(There shrowded was the little God,)
I heard a busie bustling;
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listning if anie thing did rush,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moving of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not;
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte:
With that sprang forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges, like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree;
His gylden quiver at his backe,
And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me:
That seeing, I leveld againe,
And shotte at him with might and maine,
As thicke as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that all was spent;
Tho pumie stones I hastly hent,
And threw; but nought avayled:
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched:

Therewith affrayd I ranne away; 94
But he, that earst seemd but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele,
But soone it sore increased;
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I how to cease it.
WIL. *Thomalin*, I pitie thy plight,
Perdie with Love thou diddest fight;
I know him by a token:
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken,)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion crowes had set
That in our Peare-tree haunted:
Tho said, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shaftes as then none had,
Els had he sore been daunted.
But see, the welkin thicks apace,
And stouping *Phœbus* steepes his face;
Yts time to haste us homeward.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

To be wise and eke to love,
Is graunted scarce to gods above.

THOMALINS EMBLEME.

Of hony and of gaule in love there is store;
The hony is much, but the gaule is more.

APRIL.

AEGLOGA QUARTA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honour and prayse of our most gracious Soveraigne, Queene *Elisabeth*. The speakers hereof bee *Hobbinoll* and *Thenot*, two shepheards: the which *Hobbinoll*, being before mentioned greatly to have loved *Colin*, is here set forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misadventure in love; whereby his mind was alienated and withdrawn not onely from him, who most loved him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant pyping, as cunning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to record a song, which the said *Colin* sometime made in honour of her Majestie, whom abruptly he termeth *Elisa*.

THENOT. HOBBINOLL.

THENOT.

TELL me, good *Hobbinoll*, what garres thee greete?
What! hath some wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loved Lasse forlorne?
Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?
Like Aprill showre so stream the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirstie paine.

HOB. Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whom long I lovd so deare,
Now loves a Lasse that all his love doth scorne:
He, plunged in paine, his tressed locks doth teare;
Shepheards delights he doth them all forsweare;

His pleasaunt Pipe, which made us merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs wherein he all outwent.
THE. What is he for a Ladde you so lament?
Ys love such pinching paine to them that prove?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle love?
HOB. *Colin* thou kenst, the Southerne shepheards boye;
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte:
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,
Forcing with giftes to winne his wanton heart.
But now from me his madding minde is start,
And wooes the widdowes daughter of the glenne;
So now fayre *Rosalind* hath bredde his smart;
So now his friend is chaunged for a frenne.
THE. But if his ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee, *Hobbinoll*, recorde some one,
The whiles our flockes do graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.
HOB. Contented I: then will I sing his laye
Of fair *Elisa*, Queene of Shepheards all,
Which once he made as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it unto the waters fall.

"Ye daintie Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke
Doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watrie bowres, and hether looke,
At my request.
And eke you Virgins, that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helicon*, the learned Well,
Help me to blaze
Her worthy prayse,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

"Of fair *Elisa* be your silver song,
That blessed wight,
The flowre of Virgins; may she florish long
In princely plight!

For she is *Syrinx* daughter without spotte,
Which *Pan*, the shepheardes God, of her begotte:
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

"See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight!)
Yclad in Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
And ermines white:
Upon her head a Cremosin Coronet,
With damaske Roses and Daffadillies set;
Bayleaves betweene,
And Primroses greene,
Embellish the sweete Violet.

"Tell me, have ye seene her angelike face,
Like *Phœbe* fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?
The redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
Her modest eye,
Her Majestie,
Where have you seene the like but there?

"I sawe *Phœbus* thrust out his golden hede,
Upon her to gaze;
But, when he saw howe broade her beames did sprede,
It did him amaze.
Hee blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his firie face out showe.
Let him, if hee dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrowe.

"Shewe thyself, *Cynthia*, with thy silver rays,
And be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beautie displayes,

O how art thou dasht ! 85
But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede ;
Such follie great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.
Now shee is a stone,
And makes daylie mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

" *Pan* may bee prowde that ever hee begot
Such a Bellibone ;
And *Syrinx* rejoyce, that ever was her lot
To beare such an one.
Soone as my younglinges cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb :
She is my Goddesse plaine,
And I her shepheardes swain,
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see *Calliope* speede her to the place,
Where my Goddesse shines ;
And after her the other Muses trace,
With their Violines.
Bene they not Bay-braunches which they doe beare,
All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare ?
So sweetelie they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.

" Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote,
To the Instrument :
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
In their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce even ?
Let that rowme to my Lady bee yeven.
She shalbe a Grace,
To fill the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.

" And whither rennes this bevie of Ladies bright,
Raunged in a rowe ?

They bene all Ladyes of the Lake behight,
  That unto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest nymph of all,
Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall:
  Olives bene for peace,
  When warres do surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

" Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
  Hye you there apace:
Let none come there but that Virgins bene,
  To adorne her grace:
And, when you come whereas shee is in place,
See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
  Binde your fillets faste,
  And gird in your waste,
For more fineness, with a tawdrie lace.

" Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
  With Gelliflowres;
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
  Worne of Paramoures:
Strowe mee the grounde with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
  The pretie Pawnce,
  And the Chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

" Now rise up, *Elisa*, decked as thou art
  In royall aray;
And now yee daintie Damsells may depart
  Eche one her way.
I feare, I have troubled your troupes too long;
Let Dame *Elisa* thanke you for her song;
  And, if you come hether
  When Damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among."

THE. And was thilk same song of *Colins* owne making?
Ah! foolish Boy! that is with love yblent;
Great pittie is, hee bee in such taking,
For naught caren that bene so lewdly bent.
HOB. Sicker I holde him for a greater fon,
That loves the thing hee cannot purchase.
But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
And twinckling starres the daylight hence chase.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

O quam te memorem Virgo!

HOBBINOLLS EMBLEME.

O Dea certe?

MAY.

AEGLOGA QUINTA.

ARGUMENT.

In this fift Aeglogue, under the person of two Shepheards, *Piers* and *Palinode*, be represented two formes of Pastours or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholike; whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other; with whom having shewed, that it is daungerous to maintaine any felowship, or give too much credite to their colourable and fained good wil, he telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that, by such a counterpoint of craftinesse, deceyved and devoured the credulous Kidde.

PALINODE. PIERS.

PALINODE.

IS not thilke the mery moneth of May, 1
When love-lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it, then, wee no merrier beene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liveries bene all to sadde
For thilke same season, when all is ycladde
With pleasaunce; the ground with grasse, the woods
With greene leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.
Youngthes folke now flocken in every where,
To gather May-buskets and smelling Brere;
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirk-pillours eare day-light,
With hawthorne buds, and sweete eglantine,
And girlonds of Roses, and Soppes in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But wee here sitten as drownde in dreme.

PIERS. For younkers, *Palinode*, such follies fitte,
But wee tway bene men of elder witte.

PAL. Sicker this morowe, no lenger agoe,

I sawe a shole of Shepheardes outgoe
With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere:
Before them yode a lustie Tabrere,
That to the many a horn-pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folks make such jovysaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce:
Tho to the greene wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall;
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king; and his Queene attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphes. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladies their Maybush beare!)
Ah! *Piers*, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck?

PIERS. Perdie, so farre am I from envie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie:
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they, letting their sheep runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton meryment.
Thilke same bene shepheardes for the devils stedde,
That playen while their flockes be unfedde:
Well it is seene their sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone:
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make;
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And th' other for leaving his Lordes taske,
When great *Pan* account of shepheards shall aske.

PAL. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somdele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be envied,

All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied; 58
And yet, if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather then other should scorne at me;
For pittied is mishap that has remedie,
But scorned bene deedes of fond foolerie.
What shoulden shepheards other things tend,
Then, sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liven at ease and leasure?
For, when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,
They sleepen in rest, well as other moe:
Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
But what they left behinde them is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend;
God giveth good for none other end.

PIERS. Ah! *Palinode*, thou art a worldes child:
Who touches pitch, mought needs be defilde;
But shepheards (as Algrind used to say)
Mought not live ylike as men of the laye.
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must provide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce:
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike worldly sovenance he must for-say.
The sonne of his loines why should he regard
To leave enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thilke God, that gave him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his waies he stood?
For if he mislive in leudness and lust,
Little bootes all the wealth, and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce;
All will be soon wasted with misgovernaunce:
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wrong chevisaunce,
Heaping up waves of wealth and woe,
The flouds whereof shall them overflow.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare

Better then to the Apes foolish care, 96
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet, God wote, such cause had shee none,)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
Shee stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So oftentimes, when as good is meant,
Evil ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may again retorne,
(For ought may happen, that hath been beforne,)
When shepheards had none inheritaunce,
Ne of land nor fee in sufferaunce,
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:
Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe;
For *Pan* himselfe was their inheritaunce,
And little them served for their maintenaunce.
The shepheards God so well them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided;
Butter enough, honny, milke, and whay,
And their flockes fleeces them to araye:
But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
(That nource of vice, this of insolencie,)
Lulled the Shepheards in such securitie,
That, not content with loyall obeysaunce,
Some gan to gape for greedie governaunce,
And match them selfe with mightie potentates,
Lovers of Lordship, and troublers of states:
Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,
And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge soft:
Tho, under colour of shepheards somewhile
There crept in Wolves, full of fraud and guile,
That often devoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheards that did hem keep
This was the first sourse of shepheards sorow,
That now nill be quitt with baile nor borow.

Pal. Three thinges to beare bene very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare is outragious:

Wemen, that of loves longing once lust, 134
Hardly forbearen, but have it they must:
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting revenge, is hard to asswage:
And who can counsell a thirstie soule,
With patience to forbeare the offred bowle?
But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I weene the geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heavens height.
Thou findest fault where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke upon a weake ground:
Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much for small encheason.
How shoulden shepheardes live, if not so?
What! should they pynen in payne and woe?
Nay, say I thereto, by my dear borrowe,
If I may rest, I nill live in sorrowe.
Sorrowe ne neede be hastened on,
For he will come, without calling, anone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Usen we freely our felicitie;
For, when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders bear off the sharp showres;
And, sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike strife,
That shepheards so witen eche others life,
And layen her faults the worlds beforne,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended;
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.
Piers. Shepheard, I list no accordaunce make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake;
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
Had lever my foe then my friend he be;
For what concord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when theyr false hearts bene hidde,
Will doe as did the Foxe by the Kidde.

PAL. Now, *Piers*, of fellowship, tell us that saying ; 172
For the Lad can keep both our flockes from straying.
PIERS. Thilke same Kidde (as I can well devise)
Was too very foolish and unwise ;
For on a time, in Sommer season,
The Gote her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroad unto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what she thought good :
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
She set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And ull of favour as Kidde mought be.
His vellet head began to shoote out,
And his wreathed horns gan newly sprout ;
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth ranckly under his chinne.
" My Sonne," (quoth she, and with that gan weepe ;
For carefull thoughtes in her heart did creepe ;)
" God blesse thee, poore Orphane ! as he mought me,
And send thee joy of thy jollitie.
Thy father," (that worde she spake with payne,
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine,)
" Thy father, had he lived this day,
To see the braunche of his body displaye,
How would he have joyed at this sweete sight ?
But ah ! false Fortune such joy did him spight,
And cut off his dayes with untimely woe,
Betraying him into the traynes of his foe.
Now I, a wailefull widowe behight,
Of my olde age have this one delight,
To see thee succeede in thy fathers steade,
And flourish in flowres of lustihead ;
For even so thy father his head upheld,
And so his hauty hornes did he weld."
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throbbe from her heart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speeche

With some olde sorowe that made a new breache;
Seemed she saw in her younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his new-budded beard to stroke.
" Kiddie, (quoth she) thou kenst the great care
I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wilde beastes liggen in waite
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion;
For he has vowed thy last confusion.
Forthy, my Kiddie, be rulde by me,
And never give trust to his trecheree;
And, if he chaunce come when I am abroade,
Sperre the yate fast, for fear of fraude;
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request."
So schooled the Gote her wanton sonne,
That aunswer'd his mother, All should be done.
Tho went the pensive Damme out of dore,
And chaunst to stomble at the threshold flore;
Her stombling steppe somewhat her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill lucke, bene dispraised;)
Yet forth she yode, thereat half agast;
And Kiddie the dore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after she was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the dore anone;
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of trifles at his backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses, in his packe:
A biggen he had got about his braine;
For in his headpeace he felt a sore paine:
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout:
There at the dore he cast me downe his pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, " Alack! alack!
Ah! dear Lord! and sweet Saint Charitee!

That some good body would once pitie mee!" 248
Well heard Kiddie all this sore constraint,
And lengd to know the cause of his complaint;
Tho, creeping close behinde the Wickets clinck,
Privily he peeped out through a chinck,
Yet not so privily but the Foxe him spyed;
For deceitfull meaning is double-eyed.
"Ah! good young Maister" (then gan he crye),
"Jesus blesse that sweete face I espye,
And keep your corpse from the carefull stounds
That in my carrion carcas abounds."
The Kidd, pittying his heavinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were.
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare:
"Sicke, sicke, alas! and little lacke of dead,
But I be relieved by your beastlyhead.
I am a poore sheepe, albe my colour donne,
For with long travaile I am brent in the sonne;
And if that, my Grandsire me sayd, be true,
Sicker, I am very sybbe to you;
So be your goodlihead do not disdaine
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercy and favour then I you pray,
With your ayde to forestall my nere decay."
Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke,
Wherein while Kiddie unwares did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the Jewell:
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame:
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.
Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the love of the glasse he did see.
After his chere, the Pedler can chat,
And tell many leasinges of this and that,

And how he could shew many a fine knack; 286
Tho shewed his ware and opened his packe,
All save a bell, which he left behinde
In the basket for the Kidde to finde;
Which when the Kidde stouped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch;
Ne stayed he once the dore to make fast,
But ranne away with him in all hast.

Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hide,
She mought see the dore stand open wide;
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde; but he nould aunswere at all:
Tho on the flore she saw the merchaundise
Of which her sonne had sette too deere a prise.
What help! her Kidde she knew well was gone:
She weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie;
And such end, perdie, does all hem remayne,
That of such falsers friendship bene fayne.

PAL. Truely, *Piers*, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, let me thy tale borowe
For our Sir *John*, to say to-morowe
At the Kerke when it is holiday;
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But, and if Foxes bene so craftie as so,
Much needeth all Shepheards hem to know.

PIERS. Of their falshode more could I recount,
But now the bright sunne gynneth to dismount;
And, for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for us home to hye.

PALINODES EMBLEME.

Pas men apistos apistei.

PIERS HIS EMBLEME.

Tis d'ara pistis apisto?

JUNE.

AEGLOGA SEXTA.

ARGUMENT.

This Aeglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of *Colins* ill successe in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamored of a country lasse *Rosalind*, and having (as seemeth) found place in her heart, hee lamenteth to his deare friend *Hobbinoll*, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steade *Menalcas* another shepheard received disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

HOBBINOLL. COLIN CLOUT.

HOBBINOLL.

LO! *Colin*, here the place whose plesaunt syte
From other shades hath weand my wandring minde,
Tell mee, what wants mee here to worke delyte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling winde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I finde;
The grassie grounde with daintie Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrdes of every kinde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COL. O happie *Hobbinoll*, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast founde which *Adam* lost:
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
Withouten dread of Wolves to bene ytost;
Thy lovely layes here maist thou freely boste:
But I, unhappie Man! whom cruell Fate
And angrie Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can no where finde to shroude my lucklesse pate.

HOB. Then, if by mee thou list advised bee,
Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch;

Leave mee those hilles where harbrough nis to see, 19
Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding ditch;
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,
And fruitfull flocks, bene every where to see:
Here no night Ravens lodge, more black then pitch,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor ghastly Owles doe flee;

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphes, can chace the lingring Night
With heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst Systers Nyne, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,
Doe make them musick for their more delight;
And *Pan* himselfe to kisse their christall faces
Will pype and daunce, when *Phœbe* shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures have wee in these places.

Col. And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse [yeeres,
Did let mee walke withouten lincks of love,
In such delights did joy amongst my peeres;
But ryper age such pleasures doth reproove:
My fansie eke from former follies moove
To stayed steps; for time in passing weares,
(As garments doen, which wexen olde above,)
And draweth newe delights with hoarie haires.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made;
Tho would I seeke for Queene-apples unrype;
To give my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudie Girlonds was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks; but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayde,
Those weary wanton toyes away did wype.

Hob. *Colin*, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou wert wont on wastefull hilles to sing,
I more delight then Larke in Sommer dayes,
Whose Eccho made the neighbour groves to ring,
And taught the byrdes, which in the lower spring

Did shroude in shady leaves from sunny rayes, 54
Frame to thy songe their cheerefull cheriping,
Or holde their peace, for shame of thy sweete layes.

I sawe *Calliope* with Muses moe,
Soone as thy Oaten pype began to sounde,
Their Yvory Lutes and Tamburins forgoe,
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy silver sound;
But, when they came where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound
Shepheard to see, them in their arte outgoe.

Col. Of Muses, *Hobbinoll*, I conne no skill,
For they bene daughters of the highest *Jove*,
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill;
For sith I heard that *Pan* with *Phœbus* strove,
Which him to much rebuke and daunger drove,
I never list presume to *Parnasse* hill,
But, pyping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,
Ne strive to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepheard sittes not followe flying Fame,
But feede his flocke in fieldes where falls hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest;
The fitter they my carefull case to frame:
Enough is mee to paint out my unrest,
And poure my piteous plaintes out in the same.

The God of shepheards, *Tityrus*, is dead,
Who taught mee homely, as I can, to make:
Hee, whilst hee lived, was the soveraigne head
Of shepheards all that bene with love ytake:
Well couth hee waile his woes, and lightly slake
The flames which love within his heart had bredde,
And tell us merry tales to keepe us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead bee is, and lyeth wrapt in lead, 89
(O why should Death on him such outrage showe!)
And all his passing skill with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth daylie greater growe.
But, if on mee some little drops would flowe
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods to waile my woe,
And teache the trees their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaintes, causde of discurtesee,
As messengers of this my plainfull plight,
Flye to my love where ever that shee bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight,
As shee deserves, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou, *Menalcas!* that by trecheree
Didst underfonge my Lasse to wexe so light,
Shouldst well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not as I wisbe I were,
Yee gentle Shepheards! which your flocks doe feede,
Whether on hylles, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of this so wicked deede;
And tell the Lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,
And faultlesse faith is turn'd to faithlesse fere,
That shee the truest shepheards heart made bleede
That lyves on earth, and loved her most dere.

Hob. O! carefull *Colin*, I lament thy case;
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe!
Ah! faithless *Rosalind*, and voyde of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe!
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then rise, yee blessed Flocks! and home apace,
Lest night with stealing steppes do you foresloe,
And wett your tender Lambs that by you trace.

COLINS EMBLEME.

Gia speme spentu.

JULY.

AEGLOGA SEPTIMA.

ARGUMENT.

This Aeglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepheards, and to the shame and dispraise of proud and ambitious Pastours: Such as Morrell is here imagined to be.

THOMALIN. MORRELL.

THOMALIN.

Is not thilke same a Goteheard prowde,
That sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
Emong the bushes rancke?
Mor. What, ho, thou jolly shepheardes swaine,
Come up the hill to me;
Better is then the lowly plaine,
Als for thy flocke and thee.
Thom. Ah! God shield, Man, that I should clime
And learne to looke alofte;
This rede is rife, that oftentime
Great clymbers fall unsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
The trode is not so tickle,
And though one fall through heedless hast,
Yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sunne hath reared upp
His fierie-footed teme,
Making his way between the Cupp
And golden Diademe;
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
With dogges of noysome breath,

Whose balefull barking bringes in hast 23
Pyne, plagues, and dreerie death.
Against his cruell scortching heate,
Where thou hast coverture,
The wastefull hilles unto his threate
Is a plaine overture:
But, if thee lust to holden chat
With seely shepheardes swayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
That *Thomalin* can sayne.
Mor. Syker thous but a leasie loord,
And rekes much of thy swinck,
That with fond termes, and witlesse wordes,
To blere mine eyes doest thinke.
In evill houre thou hentst in hond
Thus holy hilles to blame,
For sacred unto Saints they stond,
And of them han their name.
St. Michels Mount who does not know,
That wardes the Westerne coast?
And of St. Brigets Bowre I trow
All Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses skill
Sayne most-what, that they dwell
(As Gote-heardes wont) upon a hill,
Beside a learned well.
And wonned not the great good *Pan*
Upon mount *Olivet*,
Feeding the blessed flocke of *Dan*,
Which did himselfe beget?
Thom. O blessed Sheepe! O Shepheard great!
That bought his flocke so deare,
And them did save with bloudy sweat
From wolves that would them teare.
Mor. Beside, as holy Fathers sayne,
There is a holy place
Where *Titan* riseth from the mayne
To renne his dayly race,

Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed, 61
And all the skie doth leane;
There is the cave where *Phœbe* layed
The shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there used shepheardes all
To feede theyr flockes at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
That all the rest did spill.
And, sithens shepheards bene foresayd
From places of delight,
For-thy I weene thou be afrayd
To clime this hillës height.
Of *Synah* can I tell thee more,
And of our Ladyes Bowre;
But little needes to strow my store,
Suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy *Faunes* recourse,
And *Sylvanes* haunten rathe;
Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
Wherein the Nymphes doe bathe;
The salt Medway, that trickling stremes
Adowne the dales of Kent,
Till with his elder brother Themes
His brackish waves be meynt.
Here growes *Melampode* every where,
And *Teribinth*, good for Gotes;
The one my madding Kids to smere,
The next to heale their throates.
Hereto, the hilles bene nigher heaven,
And thence the passage ethe;
As well can proove the piercing levin,
That seldome falles beneath.
Thom. Syker thou speakes like a lewd lorrell,
Of heaven to demen so;
How be I am but rude and borrell,
Yet nearer waies I know.
To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
Has bene an olde-said sawe;

And he, that strives to touche a starre, 99
Oft stombles at a strawe.
Alsoone may shepheard climbe to skie
That leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd prowd, that, sitting hie,
Upon the mountayne sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
They neede not *Melampode*,
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
And lyken their abode;
But, if they with thy Gotes should yede,
They soone might be corrupted,
Or like not of the frowie fede,
Or with the weedes be glutted.
The hilles, where dwelled holy Saints,
I reverence and adore,
Not for themselfe, but for the Saincts
Which han bene dead of yore.
And now they bene to heaven forewent,
Their good is with them goe;
Their sample onely to us lent,
That als we mought doe soe.
Shepheards they weren of the best,
And lived in lowly leas;
And, sith their soules be now at rest,
Why done we them disease?
Such one he was (as I have heard
Old *Algrind* often sayne)
That whilome was the first shepheard,
And lived with little gayne;
And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
Simple as simple sheepe;
Humble, and like in eche degree
The flocke which he did keepe.
Often he used of his keepe
A sacrifice to bring,
Now with a Kidd, now with a sheepe,
The Altars hallowing.

So lowted he unto his Lord, 137
Such favour couth he finde,
That never sithens was abhord
The simple shepheards kinde.
And such, I weene, the brethren were
That came from *Canaän*,
The brethren Twelve, that kept yfere
The flockes of mightie *Pan*.
But nothing such thilke shepheard was
Whom *Ida* hill did beare,
That left his flocke to fetche a Lasse,
Whose love he bought too deare.
For he was proud, that ill was payd,
(No such mought shepheards be!)
And with lewd lust was overlaid;
Tway things doen ill agree.
But shepheard mought be meek and mild,
Well-eyed, as *Argus* was,
With fleshly follies undefiled,
And stoute as steede of brasse.
Sike one (sayd *Algrind*) *Moses* was,
That sawe his Makers face,
His face, more cleare then cristall glasse,
And spake to him in place.
This had a brother (his name I knewe)
The first of all his cote,
A shepheard true, yet not so true
As he that earst I hote.
Whilome all these were low and liefe,
And loved theyr flockes to feede;
They never stroven to be chiefe,
And simple was theyr weede:
But now (thanked be God therefore!)
The world is well amend,
Theyr weedes bene not so nighly wore;
Such simplesse mought them shend!
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
So hath theyr God them blist;

They reigne and rulen over all,
And lord it as they list;
Ygyrt with beltes of glitterand gold,
(Mought they good shepheards bene!)
Their *Pan* their sheepe to them has sold,
I say as some have seene.
For *Palinode* (if thou him ken)
Yode late on pilgrimage
To Rome, (if such be Rome,) and then
He sawe thilke misusage;
For shepheardes (sayd he) there doen lead,
As Lordes done other where;
Their sheep han crusts, and they the bread;
The chippes, and they the cheere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O seely sheepe the while!)
The corne is theyrs, let others thresh,
Their handes they may not file.
They han great store and thriftie stockes,
Great friendes and feeble foes;
What neede hem caren for their flockes,
Theyr boyes can looke to those.
These Wizards welter in wealths waves,
Pampred in pleasures deepe;
They han fat kernes, and leany knaves,
Their fasting flockes to keepe.
Sike mister men bene all misgone,
They heapen hilles of wrath;
Sike syrlie shepheards han we none,
They keepen all the path.
Mor. Here is a great deale of good matter
Lost for lacke of telling;
Now sicker I see thou dost but clatter,
Harme may come of melling.
Thou meddlest more, then shall have thank,
To witen shepheards wealth;
When folke bene fat, and riches ranck,
It is a signe of health.

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But say mee, what is *Algrind*, hee 213
That is so oft bynempt?
THOM. Hee is a shepheard great in gree,
But hath bene long ypent:
One day hee sat upon a hill,
As now thou wouldest mee;
But I am taught, by *Algrinds* ill,
To love the lowe degree;
For sitting so with bared scalp,
An Eagle sored hye,
That, weening his white head was chalke,
A shell-fish downe let flye;
Shee weend the shell-fish to have broke,
But therewith bruzd his brayne;
So now, astonied with the stroke,
Hee lyes in lingring payne.
MOR. Ah! good *Algrind!* his hap was ill,
But shall be better in time.
Now farewell, Shepheard, sith this hill
Thou hast such doubt to clime.

PALINODES EMBLEME.

In medio virtus.

MORRELLS EMBLEME.

In summo fælicitas.

AUGUST.

AEGLOGA OCTAVA.

ARGUMENT.

In this Aeglogue is set forth a delectable controversie, made in imitation of that in *Theocritus:* whereto also *Virgil* fashioned his third and seventh Aeglogue. They chose for Umpere of their strife, *Cuddy*, a neat-heards boye; who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper Song, whereof *Colin* he saith was Authour.

WILLIE. PERIGOT. CUDDIE.

WILLIE.

TELL mee, *Perigot*, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy joynts benomd with ache?
PER. Ah! *Willie*, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can bagpype or joynts be well apayde?
WIL. What the foule evill hath thee so bestad?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And, wont to make the jolly shepheards glad,
With pyping and dauncing didst passe the rest.
PER. Ah! *Willie*, now I have learnd a new daunce;
My old musick mard by a new mischaunce.
WIL. Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft' us of our meriment;
But rede me what paine doth thee so apall;
Or lovest thou, or bene thy younglinges miswent?
PER. Love hath misled both my younglinges and me;
I pine for payne, and they my paine to see.
WIL. Perdie, and wellawaye! ill may they thrive;
Never knew I lovers sheepe in good plight:

But and if in rymes with me thou dare strive, 21
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.
PER. That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared:
Never shall be sayde that *Perigot* was dared.
WIL. Then loe, *Perigot*, the pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre,
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of Bears and Tygers, that maken fiers warre;
And over them spred a goodly wilde Vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yvy twine.

Thereby is a lambe in the Wolvës jawes;
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swain
To save the innocent from the beastes pawes,
And here with his sheepehooke hath him slain.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever seene?
Well mought it beseeme any harvest Queene.

PER. Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe;
Of all my flocke there nis sike another,
For I brought him up without the dambe;
But *Colin Clout* rafte me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the plaine field;
Sore against my will was I forst to yeeld.
WIL. Sicker, make like account of his brother;
But who shall judge the wager wonne or lost?
PER. That shall yonder heardgrome and none other,
Which over the pousse hetherward doth post.
WIL. But, for the Sunnbeame so sore doth us beate,
Were not better to shunne the scortching heate?
PER. Well agreed, *Willie*; then set thee downe, swayne;
Sike a song never heardest thou but *Colin* sing.
CUD. Gynne, when ye list, ye jolly shepheardes twayne;
Sike a judge, as *Cuddie*, were for a king.
PER. "It fell upon a holy eve,
WIL. Hey, ho, holiday!
PER. When holy Fathers wont to shrieve;
WIL. Now ginneth this roundelay.

PER. Sitting upon a hill so hie, 57
WIL. Hey, ho, the high hill!
PER. The while my flocke did feede thereby;
WIL. The while the shepheard selfe did spill;
PER. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
WIL. Hey, ho, Bonnibell!
PER. Tripping over the dale alone;
WIL. She can trip it very well.
PER. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
WIL. Hey, ho, gray is greet!
PER. And in a kirtle of greene Saye,
WIL. The greene is for maydens meet.
PER. A chapelet on her head she wore,
WIL. Hey, ho, chapelet!
PER. Of sweete violets therein was store,
WIL. She sweeter then the Violet.
PER. My sheepe did leave their wonted food,
WIL. Hey, ho, seely sheepe!
PER. And gazd on her as they were wood,
WIL. Wood as he that did them keepe.
PER. As the bonilasse passed bye,
WIL. Hey, ho, bonilasse!
PER. She rovde at mee with glauncing eye,
WIL. As cleare as the cristall glasse:
PER. All as the sunny beame so bright,
WIL. Hey, ho, the sunne-beame!
PER. Glaunceth from *Phœbus* face forthright,
WIL. So love into thy heart did streame:
PER. Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,
WIL. Hey, ho, the thonder!
PER. Wherein the lightsome levin shroudes,
WIL. So cleaves thy soule asonder:
PER. Or as Dame *Cynthias* silver ray,
WIL. Hey, ho, the Moonelight!
PER. Upon the glittering wave doth play,
WIL. Such play is a pitteous plight.
PER. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
WIL. Hey, ho, the glyder!

PER. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
WIL. Such woundes soon wexen wider.
PER. Hasting to raunch the arrowe out,
WIL. Hey, ho, *Perigot!*
PER. I left the head in my heart-root,
WIL. It was a desperate shot.
PER. There it ranckleth aye more and more,
WIL. Hey, ho, the arrow!
PER. Ne can I find salve for my sore,
WIL. Love is a careless sorrow.
PER. And though my bale with death I bought,
WIL. Hey, ho, heavie cheere!
PER. Yet should thilk Lasse not from my thought,
WIL. So you may buye golde too deere.
PER. But whether in paynefull love I pyne,
WIL. Hey, ho, pinching payne!
PER. Or thrive in wealth, she shalbe mine,
WIL. But if thou can her obtaine.
PER. And if for gracelesse griefe I dye,
WIL. Hey, ho, gracelesse griefe!
PER. Witnesse she slue me with her eye,
WIL. Let thy folly be the priefe.
PER. And you, that sawe it, simple sheepe,
WIL. Hey, ho, the fayre flocke!
PER. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
WIL. And mone with many a mocke.
PER. So learnd I love on a holy eve,
WIL. Hey, ho, holy day!
PER. That ever since my heart did greve,
WIL. Now endeth our roundelay."
CUD. Sicker, sike a roundle never heard I none;
Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best,
And *Willie* is not greatly overgone,
So weren his under-songes well addrest.
WIL. Heardgrome, I fear me thou have a squint eye;
Areede uprightly, who has the victorie.
CUD. Fayth of my soule, I deeme eche have gained;
Forthy let the lambe be *Willie* his owne;

And for *Perigot*, so well hath him payned, 133
To him be the wroughten Mazer alone.
Per. *Perigot* is well pleased with the doome,
Ne can *Willie* wite the witelesse heardgroome,
Wil. Never dempt more right of beautie, I weene,
The shepheard of *Ida* that judged Beauties Queene.
Cud. But tell me, Shepheards, should it not yshend
Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse
Of *Rosalind* (who knowes not *Rosalind?*)
That *Colin* made? ylke can I you rehearse.
Per. Now say it, *Cuddie*, as thou art a ladde;
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.
Wil. Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be
In *Colins* steede, if thou this song areede;
For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
As him to heare, or matter of his deede.
Cud. Then listen ech unto my heavie lay,
And tune your pypes as ruthfull as yee may.

"Ye wastefull Woodes! bear witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resounde;
Ye carelesse Byrds are privy to my cryes,
Which in your songs were woont to make a part:
Thou, pleasaunt Spring, hast luld mee oft asleepe,
Whose streames my trickling teares did oft augment!

"Resort of people doth my griefes augment,
The walled towns doe work my greater woe;
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Eccho of my carefull cries:
I hate the house, since thence my Love did part,
Whose wailefull want debars mine eyes of sleepe.

"Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe;
Let all, that sweete is, voyd; and all, that may augment
My dole, draw neere! More meete to waile my woe
Bene the wilde woods, my sorows to resound,
Then bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with cries,
When I them see so waste, and finde no part

" Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull grove therefore, till my last sleep
Doo close mine eyes ; so shall I not augment
With sight of such as chaunge my restlesse woe.
Help me, yee banefull Byrds ! whose shrieking sound
Is signe of dreery death, my deadly cries

" Most ruthfully to tune : and as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when Nature craveth sleep,
Increase, so let your yrksome yelles augment.
Thus all the nightes in plaintes, the daye in woe,
I vowed have to waste, till safe and sound

" She home returne, whose voyces silver sound
To cheerefull songes can chaunge my cheerelesse cries.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spendes her time of sleepe
In songes and plaintive pleas, the more t'augment
The memorie of his misdeede that bred her woe.

" And you that feel no woe, when as the sound
Of these my nightlie cries ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe, and pitie augment."

PER. O *Colin, Colin !* the shepheardes joye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse ;
And *Cuddie*, freshe *Cuddie*, the liefest boye,
How dolefully his dole thou didst rehearse !
CUD. Then blow your pypes, Shepheards, till you be at home ;
The night higheth fast, yts time to be gone.

PERIGOT HIS EMBLEME.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

Vinto non vitto.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Felice chi puo.

SEPTEMBER.

AEGLOGA NONA.

ARGUMENT.

HERein *Diggon Davie* is devised to be a Shepheard that, in hope of more gaine, drove his sheepe into a farre countrey. The abuses whereof, and loose living of Popish Prelates, by occasion of *Hobbinols* demaund, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOLL. DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON *Davie!* I bid her god day;
Or *Diggon* her is, or I missay. 1

DIG. Her was her, while it was day-light,
But nowe her is a most wretched wight:
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.

HOB. *Diggon*, areede who has thee so dight;
Never I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke thou wast woont to lead?
Or bene they chaffred, or at mischiefe dead?

DIG. Ah! for love of that is to thee most leefe,
Hobbinoll, I pray thee gall not my olde greefe;
Sike question rippeth up cause of new woe,
For one, opened, mote unfold many moe.

HOB. Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in heart,
I know, to keepe is a burdenous smart:
Ech thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is fallen, the clouds waxen cleare.
And now, sithence I saw thy head last,
Thrise three Moones bene fully spent and past;
Since when thou hast measured much ground,

And wandred weele about the world round, 22
So as thou can many thinges relate;
But tell me first of thy flockes estate.

Dig. My sheepe bene wasted; (wae is me therefore!)
The jolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is now nor jolly, nor shepheard more.
In forreine coastes men sayd was plentie;
And so there is, but all of miserie:
I dempt there much to have eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my heart sore.
In tho countries, whereas I have bene,
No beeing for those that truly mene;
But for such, as of guile maken gaine,
No such country as there to remaine;
They setten to sale theyr shops of shame,
And maken a mart of theyr good name:
The shepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother;
Or they will buye his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will carven the shepheardes throte.
The shepheardes swayne you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men;
They looken bigge as bulles that bene bate,
And bearen the crągge so stiffe and so state,
As Cocke on his dunghill crowing cranck.

Hob. *Diggon*, I am so stiffe and so stanck,
That uneth may I stand any more;
And now the Westerne winde bloweth sore,
That now is in his chiefe soveraigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree;
Sitte we downe here under the hill;
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast:
Now say on, *Diggon*, whatever thou hast.

Dig. *Hobbin*, ah *Hobbin!* I curse the stound
That ever I cast to have lorne this ground:
Wel-away the while I was so fond
To leave the good, that I had in hond,

In hope of better that was uncouth; 60
So lost the dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah! seely sheepe!)
That here by there I wilome usde to keepe,
All were they lustie as thou diddest see,
Bene all starved with pyne and penuree;
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke paine,
Driven for neede to come home againe.

Hob. Ah! fon, now by thy losse art taught
That seldom chaunge the better brought:
Content who lives with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning Fate;
But who will seeke for unknowne gayne,
Oft lives by losse, and leaves with payne.

Dig. I wote ne, *Hobbin*, how I was bewitcht
With vayne desire and hope to be enricht:
But, sicker, so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth aye greater when it is farre:
I thought the soyle would have made me rich,
But now I wote it is nothing sich;
For eyther the shepheards bene ydle and still,
And ledde of theyr sheepe what way they will,
Or they bene false, and full of covetise,
And casten to compasse many wronge Emprise:
But the more bene fraight with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight,
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they set all the world on fire;
Which when they thinken againe to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heaven the high-way,
But by my soule I dare undersaye
They never sette foote in that same troad,
But balke the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the devill at commaund,
But aske hem therefore what they han paund:
Marrie! that great *Pan* bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrow.

But they han sold thilke same long egoe,
For they woulden draw with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name;
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.
Hob. *Diggon*, I praye thee speake not so dirke;
Such myster saying me seemeth to-mirke.
Dig. Then, plainly to speake of shepheards moste what,
Badde is the best; (this English is flat.)
Their ill haviour garres men missay
Both of theyr doctrine, and theyr fay.
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her shepheardes bene beastly and blont.
Other sayne, but howe truely I n'ote,
All for they holden shame of their cote:
Some sticke not to say, (hote cole on her tongue!)
That sike mischiefe graseth hem emong,
All for they casten too much of worldes care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heire;
For such encheason, if you goe nie,
Fewe chimnies reeking you shall espie.
The fat Oxe, that wont ligge in the stall,
Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their steads,
Ylike as a Monster of many heads:
But they, that shooten nearest the pricke,
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick:
For bigge Bulles of Basan brace hem about,
That with their hornes butten the more stoute;
But the leane soules treaden under foot,
And to seeke redresse mought little boote;
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore:
For they bene like fowle wagmoires overgrast,
That, if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to winde it out thou dost swinck,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinck.
Yet better leave off with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

Hob. Nowe, *Diggon*, I see thou speakest too plaine;
Better it were a little to feine, 137
And cleanely cover that cannot be cured;
Such ill, as is forced, mought needes bee endured.
But of sike pastoures howe done the flocks creepe?

Dig. Sike as the shepheards, sike bene her sheepe,
For they nill listen to the shepheards voice;
But if he call hem, at their good choice
They wander at will and stay at pleasure,
And to their folds yeade at their owne leasure.
But they had be better come at their call;
For many han unto mischiefe fall,
And bene of ravenous wolves yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

Hob. Fie on thee, *Diggon*, and all thy foule leasing;
Well is knowne that, sith the Saxon king,
Never was wolf seene, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome;
But the fewer Wolves (the sooth to saine)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Dig. Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
And with sheeps clothing doen hem disguise.
They walke not widely as they were wont,
For feare of raungers and the great hunt,
But prively prolling to and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hob. Or privie or pert if any bin,
We han great bandogs wil teare their skin.

Dig. In deede thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur:
But not good dogs hem needeth to chace,
But heedy shepheards to discerne their face;
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
They bene so grave and full of maintenaunce.
But shall I tell thee what myself knowe
Chaunced to *Roffin* not long ygoe?

Hob. Say it out, *Diggon*, whatever it hight,
For not but well mought him betight:

He is so meeke, wise, and merciable, 174
And with his word his work is convenable.
Colin Clout, I weene, be his selfe boye,
(Ah, for *Colin!* he whilome my joye:)
Shepheards sich, God mought us many send,
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

DIG. Thilke same shepheard mought I well marke,
He has a dogge to bite or to barke;
Never had shepheard so keene a cur,
That waketh and if but a leafe stur.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe,
And ever at night wont to repayre
Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone fayre,
Yclad in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good olde man used to sleepe;
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a currës call,)
As if a Woolfe were emong the sheepe,
With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
Tho, when as Lowder was far away,
This wolvish sheepe woulde catchen his pray,
A lambe, or a Kid, or a weanell wast;
With that to the wood would hee speede him fast.
Long time he used this slippery pranck,
Ere *Roffy* could for his labour him thanck.
At end, the shepheard his practise spyed,
(For *Roffy* is wise, and as *Argus* eyed,)
And, when at even he came to the flocke,
Fast in their foldes he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

HOB. Marry, *Diggon*, what should him affraye
To take his owne where ever it laye?
For, had his wesand been a little widder,
He woulde have devoured both hidder and shidder.

Dig. Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse;
For it was a perilous beast above all,
And eke had hee cond the shepheards call,
And oft in the night came to the sheep-cote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if the olde man selfe had beene:
The dogge his maisters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the dore,
And ranne out as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but, swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe Lowder caught;
And, had not *Roffy* renne to the steven,
Lowder had bene slaine thilke same even.

Hob. God shield, Man, hee should so ill have thrive,
All for he did his devoyre belive.
If sike bene Wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we, *Diggon*, hem behold?

Dig. How, but, with heede and watchfullnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse:
For-thy with shepheard sitties not play,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day;
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From sodaine force their flocks for to gard.

Hob. Ah! *Diggon*, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to watch and waite:
We bene of flesh, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such miseree?
What-ever thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

Dig. Ah! but, *Hobbinoll*, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care that doth mee forhaile;
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah! good *Hobbinoll*, mought I thee pray
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hob. Now by my soule, *Diggon*, I lament
The haplesse mischiefe that has thee hent;

Nethelesse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward Fortune doth ever availe:
But, were *Hobbinoll* as God mought please,
Diggon should soone finde favour and ease:
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I will thée comfort;
There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

Dig. Ah! *Hobbinoll*, God mought it thee requite;
Diggon on fewe such friendes did ever lite.

DIGGONS EMBLEME.

Inopem me copia fecit.

OCTOBER.

AEGLOGA DECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

In *Cuddie* is set out the perfect patern of a Poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially having bene in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthie and commendable an art; or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certaine *Enthousiasmos* and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof else where at large discourseth in his booke called *The English Poet*, which booke being lately come to my handes, I minde also by Gods grace, upon further advisement, to publish.

PIERS. CUDDIE.

PIERS.

CUDDIE, for shame, holde up thy heavie head, 1
And let us cast with what delight to chace
And weary this long lingering *Phœbus* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade
In rimes, in ridles and in bydding base;
Nowe they in thee, and thou in sleepe, arte deade.

CUD. *Piers*, I have pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes ben rent and wore,
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grasshopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise,
To feede youthes fansie, and the flocking fry,

Delighten much; what I the bett forthy? 15
They han the pleasure, I·a sclender prise:
I beate the bush, the byrdes to them do flie:
What good thereof to *Cuddie* can arise?

PIERS. *Cuddie*, the praise is better then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honour is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice,
Or pricke them foorth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trained willes entice!

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rural routes to thee do cleave!
Seemeth thou doest theyr soule of sense bereave,
All as the shepheard that did fetch his dame
From *Plutoes* balefull Bowre withouten leave;
His musickes might the hellish hound did tame.

CUD. So praysen babes the peacocks spotted trayne,
And wondren at bright *Argus* blazing eye;
But who rewardes him ere the more forthy,
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the skie;
Sike words bene winde, and wasten soone in vaine.

PIERS. Abandon then the base and viler clowne;
Lift up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody *Mars*, of wars, of giusts;
Turne thee to those that weld the awfull crowne,
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes unbruzed wexen daylie browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttring wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West;
Whither thou list in fayre *Elisa* rest,
Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advaunce the Worthy whom shee loveth best,
That first the White Beare to the Stake did bring.

And, when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds 49
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead tho maist thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the Millers rounde,
All were *Elisa* one of thilk same ring;
So mought our *Cuddies* name to heaven sounde.

CUD. In deede the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare,
Through his *Mecænas* left his Oaten reede,
Whereon hee earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yeeld the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly dreede,
So as the heavens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah! *Mecænas* is yclad in claye,
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead,
And all the Worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to playe:
For ever, who in derring-doe were dread,
The loftie verse of hem was loved aye.

But after Vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mightie Manhood brought a bedde of ease,
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease
To put in preace among the learned troupe;
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sunnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke, gan to shoote againe,
Or it mens follies mote to-force to fain,
And rolle with rest in rymes of ribaudrie;
Or, as it sprung, it wither must againe;
Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

PIERS. O pierlesse Po'esie! where is then thy place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doest sit,
(And yet is princes pallace the most fit,)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace,

Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flie backe to heaven apace.

Cud. Ah! *Percy*, it is all-to weake and wanne,
So high to sore and make so large a flight;
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight:
For *Colin* fits such famous flight to scanne;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high and sing as soote as Swanne.

Piers. Ah! fon; for Love does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre;
Such immortal mirror, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones minde above the starrie skie,
And cause a caytive corage to aspire!
For loftie love doth loath a lowly eye.

Cud. All otherwise the state of Poet stands;
For lordly Love is such a tyranne fell,
That, where he rules, all power he doth expell;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed Care the Muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever castes to compasse wightie prise,
And thinkes to throwe out thundring words of threat,
Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bittes of meate,
For *Bacchus* fruite is friend to *Phœbus* wise;
And, when with Wine the braine begins to sweat,
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not, *Percie*, how the rime should rage;
O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
And girt in Girlonds of wilde yvie twine,
How could I reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint *Bellona* in her equipage!

But ah! my courage cooles ere it be warme:
Forthy content us in this humble shade,

Where no such troublous tydes han us assayde:
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

PIERS. And, when my Gotes shall han theyr bellyes layd,
Cuddie shall have a Kidde to store his farme.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.

NOVEMBER.

AEGLOGA UNDECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

In this xi. Aeglogue hee bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth *Dido*. The personage is secret, and to me altogither unknowne, albeit of himselfe I often required the same. This Aeglogue is made in imitation of *Marot* his song, which he made upon the death of *Loves* the French Queen; but farre passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the Aeglogues of this Book.

THENOT. COLIN.

THENOT.

COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing, 1
As thou wert wont, songes of some jouisaunce?
Thy Muse too long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleepe through Loves misgovernaunce.
Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse sovenaunce
Emong the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loved Lass advaunce,
Or honor *Pan* with himnes of higher vaine.

COL. *Thenot*, now nis the time of merrimake,
Nor *Pan* to herie, nor with Love to play;
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or Sommer shade, under the cocked hay.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And *Phœbus*, wearie of his yearly taske,
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowly lay,
And taken up his ynne in Fishes haske:
Thilk sollein season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delights as thou doest prayse:

The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske, 19
As she was wont in youngth and sommer-dayes;
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thy self deserves sike Poets praise?
Relieve thy Oaten pypes that sleepen long.

THE. The Nightingale is sovereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmouse silent bee;
And I, unfit to thrust in skilfull throng,
Should *Colin* make judge of my fooleree:
Nay, better learne of hem that learned bee,
And han bene watered at the Muses well;
The kindely dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell:
But if sadde winters wrath and season chill,
Accord not with thy Muses merriment,
To sadder times thou maist attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreriment;
For deade is *Dido*, deade, alas! and drent;
Dido! the great shepheard his daughter sheene:
The fayrest May shee was that ever went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene:
And, if thou wilt bewayle my wofull teene,
I shall thee give yond Cosset for thy payne;
And, if thy rymes as rounde and ruefull beene
As those that did thy *Rosalind* complayne,
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
Than Kid or Cosset, which I thee bynempt:
Then up, I say, thou jolly shepheard swayne,
Let not my small demaunde be so contempt.

COL. *Thenot*, to that I chose thou doest mee tempt;
But ah! too well I wote my humble vayne,
And how my rimes bene rugged and unkempt;
Yet, as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

"Up, then, *Melpomene!* the mournefulst Muse of Nine,
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore;
Up, grislie ghostes! and up my rufull rime!

Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more; 56
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
Dido, my deare, alas! is dead,
Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead.
O heavie herse!
Let streaming teares be powred out in store;
O carefull verse!

"Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
Waile ye this woefull waste of Natures warke;
Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pryde;
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke;
The sunne of all the world is dimme and darke;
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night.
O heavie herse!
Breake we our pipes, that shrild as lowde as Larke;
O carefull verse!

"Why doe we longer live, (ah! why live we so long?)
Whose better dayes Death hath shut up in woe?
The fayrest flowre our girlond all emong
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.
Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that *Colin* made you in her praise,
But into weeping turn your wanton layes.
O heavie hearse!
Nowe is time to die: nay, time was long ygoe:
O carefull verse!

"Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale;
Yet, soone as Spring his mantle hath displayde,
It flowreth fresh, as it should never fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues branch and beauties bud,
Reliven not for any good.
O heavie herse!
The branch once dead, the bud eke needes must quaile;
O, carefull verse!

" She, while she was, (that was, a wofull word to saine !)
For beauties praise and pleasaunce had no peere ;
So well she couth the shepheards entertaine
With cakes and cracknells, and such countrey cheere :
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine ;
For she would call him often heme,
And give him Curds and clouted Creame.
O heavie herse !
Als *Colin Cloute* she would not once disdaine ;
O carefull verse !

" But now sike happy cheere is turnde to heavy chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dint ;
All Musick sleepes, where Death doth lead the daunce,
And shepheards wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray, is tinct :
The gaudy girlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowres her Corse embrave.
O heavie herse !
Morne now, my Muse, now morne with teares besprint ;
O carefull verse !

" O thou great shepheard, *Lobbin*, how great is thy griefe !
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee ?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rush-ringes, and gilt Rosemaree ?
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah ! they bene all yclad in clay ;
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heavie herse !
Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree ;
O carefull verse !

" Ay me ! that dreerie Death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can undoe Dame Natures kindely course ;
The faded lockes fall from the loftie Oke,
The flouds doe gaspe, for dryed is their sourse,
And flouds of teares flow in theyr stead perforce :
The mantled medowes mourne,

Theyr sundrie colours tourne. 129
O heavie herse!
The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse;
O carefull verse!

"The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang their heades as they would learne to weepe;
The beastes in forrest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe,
Now shee is gone, that safely did hem keepe:
The Turtle on the bared braunch
Laments the wounde that Death did launch.
O heavie herse!
And *Philomele* her song with teares doth steepe;
O carefull verse!

"The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Olive braunches beare,
Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen advaunce;
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare;
The Fatall Sisters eke repent
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heavie herse!
Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heavy cheare;
O carefull verse!

"O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortall men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
And, shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope;
Nowe have I learnde (a lesson deerely bought)
That nis on earth assuraunce to be sought;
For what might bee in earthly mould,
That did her buried body hould?
O heavie herse!
Yet saw I on the beere when it was brought;
O carefull verse!

"But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters deadly spight,

And gates of hell, and fyrie furies force,
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corse.
Why then weepes *Lobbin* so without remorse?
O *Lobb!* thy losse no longer lament;
Dido is dead, but into heaven hent.
O happie herse!
Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse,
O joyful verse!

" Why waile we then? why wearie we the gods with [plaintes,
As if some evill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the Saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light,
And is enstalled nowe in heavens hight.
I see thee, blessed soule! I see
Walk in *Elisian* fieldes so free.
O happie herse!
Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)
O joyfull verse!

" Unwise and wretched men, to weete what's good or ill,
Wee deeme of Death as doome of ill desert;
But knewe wee, Fooles, what it us bringes untill,
Dye would we daylie, once it to expert!
No daunger there the shepheard can assert;
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene;
The fieldes aye fresh, the grasse ay greene.
O happie herse!
Make haste, yee shepheards, thether to revert.
O joyfull verse!

" *Dido* is gone afore; (whose turne shall be the next?)
There lives shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
There drincks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,
And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe misse.
The honor now of highest Gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepheards pride,
While here on earth shee did abide.

O happie herse!
Cease now, my song, my woe now wasted is; 201
O joyfull verse!"

THE. Ay, franck shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
With dolefull pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte
Whether rejoyce or weepe for great constraint!
Thine be the Cossette, well hast thou it gotte.
Up, *Colin* up, ynough thou morned hast;
Now ginnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast.

COLINS EMBLEME.

La mort ny mord.

DECEMBER.

AEGLOGA DUODECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

This Aeglogue (even as the first began) is ended with a complaint of *Colin* to God *Pan*; wherein, as wearie of his former waies, hee proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare; comparing his youth to the Spring time, when hee was fresh and free from loves follie. His manhood to the Sommer, which, he saith, was consumed with great heate and excessive drouth, caused through a Comet or blasing Starre, by which hee meaneth love; which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His ripest yeares he resembleth to an unseasonable harvest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to Winters chill and frostie season, now drawing neere to his last ende.

THE gentle shepheard sat beside a springe, 1
All in the shadowe of a bushye Brere,
That *Colin* hight, which well coulde pype and singe,
For hee of *Tityrus* his songes did lere:
There, as he satte in secret shade alone,
Thus gan hee make of love his piteous mone.

"O soveraigne *Pan!* thou God of shepheardes all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe,
And, when our flockes into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest save from mischiefe the unwarie sheepe,
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regard
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and ward;

"I thee beseeche (so be thou deigne to hear
Rude ditties, tunde to shepheardes Oaten reede,
Or if I ever Sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede,)

Hearken a while, from thy greene Cabinet, 17
The rurall song of carefull *Colinet*.

"Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there;
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I oft doubted daunger had no feare:
I went the wastefull woodes and forrest wide,)
Withouten dread of Wolves to bene espide.

"I wont to raunge amid the mazie thicket,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas-game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse Hare till she were tame.
What wreaked I of wintrie ages waste?—
Tho deemed I my spring would ever last.

"How often have I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Raven of her nest?
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuttes at strife?
For like to me was libertie and life.

"And for I was in thilke same looser yeeres,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my byrth,
Or I too much beleev'd my shepheard peeres,)
Somedele ybent to song and musickes mirth,
A good old shepheard, *Wrenock* was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

"Fro thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheardes swayne whatever fed in field;
And, if that *Hobbinoll* right judgement bare,
To *Pan* his own selfe pype I need not yield:
For, if the flocking Nymphes did follow *Pan*,
The wiser Muses after *Colin* ran.

"But, ah! such pride at length was ill repayde,
The shepheardes God (perdie God was he none)

My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upbraide, 51
My freedome lorne, my life he left to mone.
Love they him called that gave me check-mate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

"Tho gan my lovely spring bid me farewell,
And sommer season sped him to display
(For Love then in the Lyons house did dwell,)
The raging fire that kindled at his ray.
A comet stird up that unkindly heate,
That reigned (as men said) in *Venus* seate.

"Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandring way,
But whether Luck and Loves unbridled lore
Would lead me forth on Fancies bitte to play;
The bush my bed, the bramble was my bowre,
The woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

"Where I was wont to seeke the honie Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame,
The grieslie Todestoole growne there mought I see,
And loathed Paddockes lording on the same:
And, where the chaunting birds lulld me asleepe,
The ghastly Owle her grievous Ynne doth keepe.

"Then as the spring gives place to elder Time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pride;
All so my age, now passed youthly prime,
To things of riper season selfe applied,
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might save my sheepe and me fro shame.

"To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes, was my wont:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale
Was better seene, or hurtfull beastes to hont?
I learned als the signs of heaven to ken,
How *Phœbe* failes, where *Venus* sits, and when.

"And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges;
The sodain rising of the raging seas,
The soothe of byrdes by beating of theyr winges,
The powre of herbes, both which can hurt and ease,
And which be wont t' enrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

"But, ah! unwise and witlesse *Colin Cloute*,
That kydst the hidden kindes of many a weede,
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore heart-roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifely bleede.
Why livest thou still, and yet hast thy deaths wound?
Why dyest thou still, and yet alive art found?

"Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my harvest hastened all-to rathe;
The eare that budded fayre is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to scathe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was none but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

"My boughs with bloosmes that crowned were at first,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst;
The flattering fruite is fallen to ground before,
And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe;
My harvest, wast, my hope away did wipe.

"The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long;
Theyr rootes bene dryed up for lack of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be ever among.
Ah! who has wrought my *Rosalind* this spight,
To spill the flowres that should her girlond dight?

"And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype
Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote,
Sike follies now have gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out as rotten and unsoote.

The loser Lasse I cast to please no more; 119
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

" And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care;
Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,
Cockle for corn, and chaffe for barley, bare:
Soon as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blown away of the wavering wynd.

" So now my yeere drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
My harvest hastes to stirre up Winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage his right:
So now he stormes with many a sturdy stoure;
So now his blustring blast eche coast doth scoure.

" The carefull cold hath nipt my rugged rynd,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head besprent with hoarie frost I finde,
And by myne eye the crowe his clawe doth wright:
Delight is layd abedd; and pleasure, past;
No sunne now shines; clouds han all overcast.

" Now leave, ye Shepheards Boyes, your merry glee;
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this stound:
Here will I hang my pype upon this tree,
Was never pype of reede did better sound:
Winter is come that blowes the bitter blast,
And after winter dreerie death does hast.

" Gather together ye my little flocke,
My little flocke, that was to me so liefe;
Let me, ah! let me in your foldes ye lock,
Ere the breme winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blows the balefull breath,
And after winter commeth timely death.

" Adieu, Delightes, that lulled me asleepe;

Adieu, my Deare, whose love I bought so deare;
Adieu, my little Lambes and loved Sheepe;
Adieu, ye Woodes, that oft my witnesse were:
Adieu, good *Hobbinoll*, that was so true,
Tell *Rosalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu."

COLINS EMBLEME.

Vivitur ingenio: cætera mortis erunt.

EPILOGUE.

LOE! *I have made a Calender for every yeare,*
That steele in strength, and time in durance, shall out-weare;
And, if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continue till the worldes dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe, little Calender! thou hast a free passeporte;
Goe but a lowly gate amongst the meaner sorte:
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus his stile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playd a while;
But follow them farre off, and their high steps adore;
The better please, the worse despise; I aske no more.

MERCE NON MERCEDE.

END OF VOL. IV.

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C. Whittingham, Tooks Court,
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